

Love Late - Volume 02

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Love Late vol. 2 - ch12



Translated by: Dairytea & Phoenix

Love Late Vol. 2

What's going on with Shu Nian? Will Lee actually have the courage to face him? And is this truly the end of Lee and Ke Luo's relationship? We'll see in volume 2! D8

Chapter Twelve

That very night, I had casually napped and then rushed to catch the last flight back to T City. I stayed up until daybreak, bracing myself to wake Cheng Yi Chen up.

Drowsy-eyed and in his disheveled night clothes, he opened the door for me and told me that, because Shu Nian fell ill, Ke Luo had left first thing in the morning once more, taking the earliest flight to S City.

I was at a loss for words. I bitterly laughed. I should have known. I run after him, and he circles around Shu Nian.

Sometimes I couldn't help but think that maybe I lost because I was too strong.

I would always survive. My skin was thick. I suffer severely once, and I instantly make a comeback after a moment's rest.

I never thought that a man's perseverance and strength were anything bad, so I followed Lu Feng's example. But now I had to admit that men can rely on weakness to win.

As soon as Shu Nian fell ill, the first thing Ke Luo did was drop everything and rush to his side. If I had fallen critically ill that day, who knew whether Ke Luo would abandon old grudges and turn around to take care of me.

Yet I'd worked hard all my life to take good care of my health. I was strong and fit. Apart from occasionally catching a coughing cold, I'd never even experienced a toothache.

Having come to this point, I was still hung up over Ke Luo. It was inevitable that I'd be ridiculed by others.

But it's rare in one's lifetime to be obsessed with one person. When truly coming upon it, who can let go?

I was too old to break free from it.

Even if I forced myself into his hands, Ke Luo was to me precisely how Shu Nian was to Ke Luo. No matter how clearly aware I was of it, I could never free myself from it.

As a result, my words turned out to be a prophecy that very day. I had abdominal pains. I had probably eaten something bad. I sat on the toilet and "couldn't

relieve myself.” The entire night, I was engaged in vomiting and released so much that I almost had a rectal prolapse.

I was tormented until the middle of the night. Worn out and lacking the strength to relieve myself—though there was nothing to release—with a breath still left in me, I struggled to climb into bed and collapsed from exhaustion.

Yet, in the end, soon after, I woke up in pain once more. I felt my stomach pain intensify. My heart cried out that this was far from good. If this continues, don’t tell me it’s impossible to ever be relieved of it.

I was in so much pain that I couldn’t stand straight. I knew I should call someone. I quit hesitating at once and dialed Ke Luo’s number.

This time he actually answered. Hearing the rustle from my end, he probably felt something was amiss and asked, “Uncle Lee? What’s wrong?”

Something stirred in me. I struggled to speak, “I don’t feel well. Will you come see me?”

Ke Luo paused. He seemed to be hesitating. “I’m sorry. I’m in S City. Shu Nian is ill, and I’m keeping him company.”

Although I was gritting my teeth in pain, I still didn’t forget to negotiate with him, “Doesn’t he have Xie Yan accompanying him?”

“I’m sorry,” he sincerely dismissed me, “Uncle Lee, you should hurry to the hospital.”

“...” I had asked for rejection. Embarrassed, I felt like I was blindly copying others and making myself look foolish—learning from Shu Nian to use some illness as a bargaining chip.

“Okay, then I’ll do so now.”

“Sorry.”

After hanging up, the sharp pain I had suppressed rendered me speechless. Cold sweat dripped from my forehead. At my wit’s end, like all sick people without assistance, I shivered with cold as I desperately struggled to call the emergency number.

To call an ambulance because of a bad stomach, even if the officer blamed me for making a fuss about nothing, it couldn’t be helped. I led a solitary life. If by any chance I died, no one would know of my stench-emitting corpse. I had to particularly cherish life.

It wasn’t until I was sent to the emergency room that I realized calling for an ambulance was the right thing to do. I had an acute appendicitis along with food poisoning. I would very likely have ascended to heaven in the apartment that evening had I not severed that troublesome appendix.

The thought of having vigorously lived my life and to have kicked the bucket from an appendix would have been a little too ridiculous.

After the operation, I lay on the hospital bed in a trance, seeming to be awake yet not awake. The anesthetic effect passed. I lightly coughed, and the area where I had been operated on ached dullly.

The dusk light streamed through the window. Like an old man whose day was approaching the end, I sighed.

Sometimes I wished I was heterosexual. At this age, perhaps I would have automatically settled down with a family. Even without a wife, there would always be one or two illegitimate child, which wouldn’t be so bad compared to being all alone like this.

I passed the time not eating nor drinking, bored to death. I didn’t eat anything

until I heard my stomach growled. One scoop after another I ate the bland, tasteless congee, and fell asleep soon after.

If it was Shu Nian, Ke Luo would probably have kept watch all day and night with his considerate words and gentle smiles. I tried every possible way to sleep. I had tried to set myself in Shu Nian's place, deluding myself into thinking I was loved by Ke Luo, yet I couldn't entirely imagine so.

Even fantasizing was a failure, so I was only able to listlessly sleep away.

When I woke up from my slumber, I saw Lin Jing's dozing face.

To my surprise, someone had come see me. It was really unexpected. After being stunned for quite a while, I had some mixed feelings. "Hey!"

Startled, Lin Jing abruptly opened his eyes. "You scared me to death, like the sudden rise of the living dead."

"You even brought such a tacky fruit basket!"

"It's good enough to have something to eat. You're so picky!"

I lashed out, "I just had my appendix cut. How can I eat a peach now?!"

"Alright, there's the soup Uncle Chen cooked for you. You can always have that."

Cheng Yi Chen's homemade food was pretty good. I held the bowl and sipped the soup. "How did you know I was hospitalized?"

"Ke Luo told me."

"Huh?" I almost spilled the bowl of soup on my face. "He came?"

"Yeah, it was him who bought the bouquet of flowers. It's tackier than my fruit

basket, right? You kept sleeping, and he couldn't wait for you to wake up any longer, so he asked me to help look after you."

As if struck by lightning, I hastily asked, "Where's he now?"

"He hurried to S City again." Lin Jing openly ate the apple he had brought for me. He sighed and said, "That frequent flyer. But don't worry, I'll take care of you. Ke Luo gave me two limited edition games. And seeing as I've been entrusted by someone, I have to let Uncle Chen raise you nice and plump..."

"Hey, what's with that expression of yours?" Lin Jing stared at me. "Is that a smile? ...oy, you didn't damage your nerves when they cut your appendix, did you?"

For a short while, I couldn't clearly say what I was feeling. When I didn't carry any hope, I'd suddenly see a tiny faint ray of light.

"You stinking brat, you actually accepted a bribe to take care of me? Was your conscience eaten by a dog?"

"Eh? I've wanted them for so long." Lin Jing grinned. "Since he agreed to give them, if I didn't accept them, it would have been a waste. Don't be like this, Lee. Getting angry will burst open your wound..."

Eventually I couldn't stand it any longer. I called Ke Luo.

"Hello, Uncle Lee?" His tone was no longer harsh. Just hearing his voice made my back weak. "Is your health better?"

"It's fine. Thanks a lot for the flowers."

"It's a matter of course." The noise from the background faded. He seemed to

have gone to a quieter area. “You have to rest well. Don’t randomly eat things.”

“Ke Luo...”

I was just about to say more when I heard him say, “Uncle Lee, I have something to attend to. I’ll give you a call another time.”

For the next couple of days, I would be so tense whenever the phone rang. I’d have a strong hunch that it would be Ke Luo, yet the callers would just end up as Lin Jing, a few of my drinking buddies, and automated telemarketers.

Over time, I realized that there was no need to hold out hope. The bouquet Ke Luo had sent and the words he’d said, even though he was courteous and considerate, they were full of gentleness that was particularly for the sick. But now I finally realized it was only perfunctory. I’d often act the same way to others.

There was no news of Shu Nian as well.

Of course, I wasn’t waiting for news of him. I knew he wouldn’t have any memories of me.

It’s just that the only remaining relative I had in this world had completely forgotten about me.

I went back to working at the company again.

Now that Ke Luo was absent-minded and Lu Feng was wound up in family matters, the company was in need of manpower. Regardless of whether Lu Feng was actually informed of me being a traitor or not, since he didn’t pursue the matter, I just seized the opening. I always adapted to the circumstance.

I struggled to earn a paycheck even though I felt my spirit repeatedly dampened. Not having a retirement place yet wasn't entirely bad for now. It's better than eating oneself out of house and home.

Maybe I'll spend the rest of my life working for the pair of father and son.

Since there were too many things that needed Ke Luo's signature, I met with him again.

His affairs and love wounds were none of my business. But, no matter how unrelated the brat's life or death was, I couldn't allow the company to go bankrupt. Otherwise who would I look to for my paycheck? And what would I eat for my next meal?

Upon seeing his appearance, I was truly startled. In ten days time, he became pale and haggard: his eyes weary and his skin lacked luster. I couldn't help but rub my chin and think that if I had first met him like this, I probably wouldn't have fallen for him.

"What's the matter?" Unable to hold back, I still shot my mouth off and asked him.

Ke Luo had his head lowered as he scribbled his signature on large piles of paperwork. "Shu Nian's ill."

Once he started to speak, his voice came out hoarse. It had lost its sweet sound. I didn't know whether I should rejoice. If the pretty boy's frame of mind wilted, losing its appeal, wouldn't I be liberated from him soon?

I sighed. "I know his health is bad, but don't worry too much. Nothing is incurable."

Ke Luo quickly flipped over documents, a bit of a hurry.

From my angle, I could see that his hair grew longer. His bangs nearly covered his eyes. I had a slight urge to reach out and help him brush them aside.

“Of course it’s curable. It’s not as if it’s a fatal illness. It’s only leukemia.”

He had said it so fast that I almost didn’t catch what he’d said.

When I reacted, an explosion went off in my ears and my mind went blank. Shock along with an inexplicable fear engulfed me.

For several seconds, I couldn’t utter a word. I could only hear the rustling of papers amidst the silence.

“Such a huge matter...why didn’t you tell me sooner?” My mouth was slightly dry.

“Why do I have to tell you? If I had told you, would you have cared? Even if I tell the whole world, what good would it do? I won’t have others look at him with pity. Don’t keep revolving around this topic when you see him. Telling him day and night how much longer he has left to live. When he’ll die, how he’ll die...”

The tip of the pen suddenly tore a large hole in the document. Ke Luo’s tolerance seemed to be at its limit. “He’s already endured enough. I don’t want anybody to look at him as if he’s on death’s bed...”

“Ke Luo...”

“We’re transferring him here into T City tomorrow. If it doesn’t work out, we’ll contact an overseas specialist,” he quickly finished, apparently unwilling to say any more on the topic.

“Ke Luo, don’t panic. There are a lot of these cases where there’s full recovery.”

“Yeah.” Ke Luo’s voice was low. His hands still kept going. “We’ve found a

compatible bone marrow.”

“Isn’t that great?”

“But the donor backed out.”

I didn’t say another word. I could imagine that kind of immense despair to the extent of losing all hope. Encountering this sort of thing, the patient might as well die sooner.

“Bastard...” The young man gritted his teeth. The corners of his eyes were red. He resembled a small wounded beast.

I knew that he wasn’t cursing at me. He was suffering because he couldn’t even find a target to take it out on.

I could only console him, “There’s nothing you can do about it. After all, this kind of matter...”

The probability of a donor backing out was supposed to be high.

Even if the donor was a close friend, selflessness still has its limit. Never mind about donating bone marrow for nothing, with a slight conflict of interest, it’s hard to prevent him from turning against you, let alone if it’s a total stranger.

Once he reaches my age, he’ll understand how unrealistic counting on the grace of others is—how much it hurts.

“If nothing works, I’ll hunt down that person.”

I saw that he was on the verge of tears, not completely childlike. Those eyes looked increasingly like Lu Feng’s.

Even if the information was confidential, he’d drag the donor out from deep

underground and force him to draw blood. It's not impossible for someone from the Lu family to carry out this kind of thing.

"Don't do anything rash. Shu Nian won't accept it like that. Find some other way."

Ke Luo's eyes reddened. "It doesn't concern you, so of course you'd say that with so much ease!"

I fell silent, then chuckled.

Ke Luo looked at me in disbelief and hoarsely said, "What are you laughing at?"

Of course I was at ease. I never discovered how to surpass my life's greatest enemy. But now, in the end, he'll disappear without me having to do anything.

I went to the hospital for a complete blood test.

Luckily, I was healthy. Thank goodness.

I didn't want to do anything for Shu Nian. I loathed the man, envied him, and longed for him to die sooner.

So what if he's my little brother. He had long forgotten me.

What of those few short childhood years? We basically had two separate lives. He was nothing to me, and I was nothing to him.

Finding a new compatible donor seemed to be very difficult. Later, Ke Luo appeared at the company. His swollen eyes really weren't the slightest bit attractive. He seemed to have cried.

I knew that if I bravely stepped forward this time, he would see me in a new light. I'd be washing myself of my clinginess to life and the wretched image of a

greedy, heartless man.

But I won't make a fool of myself to gain his favor.

If I let Ke Luo find out that I could be a possible match, it's not certain that he wouldn't use me as a blood bag. Of course I won't let him know.

Even a compassionate donor might also back out! What's more, I was an ordinary man whose moral standards were even lower than the average person's.

Ke Luo's charms grew fainter with each passing day, leaving a soulless body.

Even if I ganged up with those people this time and tampered the company's accounts, instead of exposing them, Ke Luo would likely not realize.

I recalled his usual calm composure and keen thoroughness. It really made me think that, as it turned out, death was just that potent of a thing.

I suddenly couldn't help but bitterly think that if I died, I doubt he'd ever forget me.

Of course, why should I stoop so low? I won't have such a young girl's mentality.

It just that if it had occurred on me instead, who knew how many people would grieve.

There wasn't a single person by my side.

Family, lover.

I was lonely and empty by every means. Restless and unable to sleep, I called Lin Jing in the middle of the night, "If I disappear, would you miss me?"

Whatever the case, at least provide me some family-like comfort.

Lin Jing, as a result, coldly laughed, shattering the mood. “You?”

“...”

“If you want someone to drink with, I’ll be right there. Don’t even talk about life and death. There’s no point doing it.”

“...”

Even though there wasn’t the slightest bit of sentiment, he was right.

Moaning and groaning wasn’t our style. It’s too weak and hypocritical. Be a real man. Is there anything a couple drinks can’t fix?

That’s why I love Lin Jing. He’s clear-headed like me.

But what angered me was that I had called him here to drink it all away and ended up dragged by Lin Jing, before having two cans of beer, into a conversation about the man whose haunting me.

“Shu Nian is so pitiful. It isn’t that easy finding a compatible bone marrow. That volunteering asshole actually copped out, damn it! The guy’s lending a hand to death.”

“It’s not wrong to back out on a deal. You’re not afraid of having a large syringe shoved in you, draining your bone marrow dry?” I tried to scare him.

“Bullshit, that’s not it. You think I lack common knowledge like you?” Lin Jing actually wasn’t very stupid. “To be honest, if it was me, I’d definitely do it. I’m afraid of pain but, regardless of it, he’s someone I know. Even if I refuse, Ke Luo would grab me by the neck and force me to go.”

That last sentence was probably the one that rang out the truth.

“Then why don’t you go?”

“The probability of me matching is no different than that of being struck by lightning. What’s the point of taking an unrelated man to match up? It’ll only be a waste of their time, creating more bother.”

No matter how good the food and drinks were, the air would still inevitably become heavy.

“Ke Luo and the others are still trying to negotiate with the donor!”

Being mouthy, I pressed on, “Any effect?”

“That person seemed to have changed phone numbers. If they continue to plead, they would only be accused of harassment.”

Lin Jing crushed an empty beer can. “I hate these kinds of people. Since he doesn’t have the guts to donate, why pretend to be compassionate from the start? To give someone a little hope, making him wait so long, and then trample all over it. I think it’s really too despicable. He might as well not offer it at all!”

“...”

“Hey, looking at that blank expression of yours, do you understand, old man?

I laughed. How can I not understand the feeling?

It’s because I understood it all too well that I didn’t want to become some great philanthropist.

No one’s life is perfect. I still hadn’t the time to tend to my own, so why should I bother patching up someone else’s?

It's a proven fact that not everyone's life would be as incomplete as mine.

Today I came across Ke Luo at work. I found him suddenly back to his handsome self. His expression contained life once again, vivid and too beautiful to be absorbed all at once.

I stared dumbfounded almost to the point of drooling. It took me some time to regain my composure.

"Hey," I boldly greeted him, "did something good happen?"

Ke Luo smiled. That moment's expression really was too mesmerizing. There was tremendous joy on his face, spreading through his entire body. Even I, who had been on the decline for so long, thought that I might be infected by his cheerfulness.

"We found a new donor."

"Oh?"

"The high-resolution HLA typing matched." Ke Luo smiled. He looked as happy as a man who had just come back from death's door. "Things will go smoothly this time. The donor is very cooperative. The doctor said that they're scheduling the surgery as soon as they can. If it's successful, Xiao Nian will recover."

"Oh..." I was a little bored, and yet he kept droning on. If it wasn't because of my image, I might really have picked my nose to show my disinterest.

"I didn't think we'd be so lucky! Xiao Nian had almost given up. As you know, finding someone who's a match is already hard as it is, and we still have to worry about them backing out. The waiting time is so unbearable. If we couldn't

find a match, I don't know what I'd do..."

"Is that right." I took a sip of my tea. Just as I was about to take a smoke, I thought for a moment and put it out.

"I really wish I could thank him in person. It's a pity the donor's information is confidential."

Sincere regret appeared on his young face.

Pity it wasn't for me.

I idly flipped through paperwork and covered a bored yawn with my hand.

"Shu Nian will get better this time..."

I wasn't interested in that man's affairs. I might as well let my mind drift off.

Ke Luo probably noticed that my mind had wandered away. "You won't understand. When you really need it yourself, then you'll know how great human kindness can be."

"It's not great. It's foolish," I scoffed. I heard enough of it.

Ke Luo took a glance at me and slightly frowned. He wanted to say something, but ended up keeping his mouth shut.

Comment: Though we only hear of Shu Nian from others, poor Shu Nian~ And there's still that strain between Lee and Ke Luo. On the other hand, the few playful banters between Lee and Lin Jing made me crack a smile in the middle of all the seriousness. What did you think of this chapter? What do you think will happen??? (And what's going on with Lu Feng? He was only really vaguely mentioned once in this chapter. O_o) Oh, and, fyi, the next chapter seems to be particularly long, so it'll probably take me a long while to translate. X3

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 13a](#)

13a

Love Late vol. 2 - ch13 part a

Proofread by: Mion Sakamaki



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

This is about one-fourth of the chapter and where part two of the audio drama ended. If you hadn't noticed, I put up a poll as to whether I should translate part two of the drama first or continue translating chapter 13. *6/29/13 update: Poll is closed. I'll continue translating the novel.

Chapter Thirteen

Because I felt awful, I requested a leave of absence to take a trip and unwind.

To immediately request a two weeks leave for some trivial reason when I just had the cheek to return to work was a conduct that would obviously leave a bad impression.

But I won't itch from too many lice nor worry from too much debt. I still walked grandly when I was overwrought with work left and right.

Once my vacation came to an end, I doubted I would be more diligent upon returning. I had no intention whatsoever to make amends. On the contrary, I became more careless and lazy—my movements slower than ever.

Ke Luo found me facing my paperwork for a long time, not turning a page, as I pressed my chest and rubbed my lower back—a damn image of someone who had taken too many “days off.” Although he was accustomed to me slacking off, he couldn’t help but ask, “What’s the matter?”

“Ah, my back is sore.”

Ke Luo looked at me, and I gave him an ambiguous smile full of meaning.

An employee like this would likely have his salary deducted. But I knew Ke Luo wouldn’t do so now.

I’d heard that Shu Nian’s operation was a great success. If it didn’t recur within a month, it would indicate a full recovery.

So Ke Luo had been in a great mood lately. All day long, he kept smiling, never refusing a request. He couldn’t bother to bicker with me on such things.

Even though I behaved so badly, Ke Luo still resolutely asked me to join the celebration on the day of Shu Nian’s discharge.

Fuck, I didn’t want to celebrate.

There were men and women who visited the ward. There were some I recognized and some I didn’t. It was quite a lively crowd. No need to even mention the Xie family there. Lin Jing, that guy who wasn’t on any side, came, of course. Zuo Wen Yang also came. Even Lu Feng and Cheng Yi Chen attended.

This man’s popularity truly was so much greater than mine.

They had probably bribed the doctor as, upon closing the door, everyone cheerfully shot party strings, blew out the candles, cut the cake, and freely poured champagne in the hospital.

Separated from the swarm of people circling around the man, I watched him from afar. He and I had similar faces, yet he was so far away.

I stood near the entrance and listlessly ate my cake. I was prepared to leave once I finished eating. I didn't find any enjoyment in it at all. And besides, no one would notice if I was gone.

Someone entered, pushing the door. He used too much force and nearly sandwiched me behind the door.

He murmured something into Ke Luo's ear. Ke Luo, who had been smiling, gradually stopped. He had a strange expression. He finally smiled and said to Shu Nian, "Even though I wanted to invite the donor here, we couldn't find him anywhere. He not only requested the doctor to keep his profile confidential, but even his registration data was false."

Everyone was a little surprised.

"That's strange."

"Maybe he doesn't want to be bothered?"

"But, with a need to express our sincere gratitude, we'll always feel indebted like this."

"Some people just want to do good deeds."

"Ah, a nameless hero."

I didn't know what these people were thinking. I almost vomited from listening to them. I rolled my eyes from the sideline.

The door opened again, and I was caught by it once more.

The man who entered seemed to be the surgeon in charge of the operation. He warmly smiled. "Please excuse me. I arrived late..."

Before I could recover, I was sandwiched yet again a third time. I was even struck in the head. "Damn it..."

"Sorry, sorry," the man who arrived apologized again and again.

I only heard the doctor in front said with a smile, "This is the man who helped to collect the bone marrow, Dr. Zhu..."

—I froze, but the hand, which had covered my forehead, had already dropped.

The young doctor gave out an "ah." Before I opened my mouth, he smiled and said, "You came too? We've all wondered why we couldn't contact you at all. And here I thought you left a false address because you didn't want to meet the patient."

I stiffened. More than ten seconds passed before I reacted. I chuckled and pointed out to him, "You've got the wrong person."

The doctor was taken aback. Terribly awkward, he replied, "Ah, m-my apologies. My memory isn't so great. Haha..."

Apart from him and me, no one else laughed. Everyone in the room looked at me.

It became more difficult for me to maintain my smile. I suddenly couldn't stand it. "I have something to attend to. Excuse me for leaving first."

I ran like the wind, playing deaf and mute the entire way.

But when I pulled open the cab door, another hand quickly landed against it.

“Uncle Lee.”

Ke Luo was slightly out of breath.

I smiled. “You need something?”

Ke Luo’s expression was somewhat complex. “...I chased you all the way out here.”

“Is that so? I didn’t realize.” My expression was sincere. I firmly said: “If you have something, save it for later. I’m in a rush.”

“Thank you for saving Shu Nian...”

“It really wasn’t me,” I abruptly interrupted. “The doctor was mistaken.”

“Uncle Lee.”

Here he goes again. He only knows how to call my name.

Despite how many times he called my name, I couldn’t always rely on these two words to guess his mind.

I repeatedly tapped my foot on the ground with irritation. “Young master, I still have matters to attend to. Don’t waste my time.”

He furrowed his eyebrows, like a small animal baring its teeth. “Why hide such a big matter as donating bone marrow from me?”

I helplessly spread my hands. “I didn’t do it, so what do I have to hide?”

“You’re lying.”

This stubborn little brat.

“Alright.” I brazenly laughed. “If you want it to be me, it’s fine. I’m not at a disadvantage anyway.”

Ke Luo slammed the car door shut.

The confrontation between the two men made the cab driver uneasy. The car started at once and sped off, leaving a streak of smoke.

It really had my style.

“Thank you, Uncle Lee.”

I’d known him for so long and had heard it all before. But this was the first time I heard the words “thank you” from him. I was so scared on the spot that I repeatedly waved my hands. “No, no, don’t thank me. Or better yet, write me a solid check.”

The mention of money during this sentimental moment undoubtedly killed the mood. Ke Luo was clearly shocked. He was a little distraught. “In any case, I truly am grateful to you this time...”

I coughed. I felt incredibly disgusted to be mistaken as a hero. Goosebumps rose on my back. There was a false feel from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, like a hypocrite.

I wasn’t a hypocrite. I was a true scoundrel.

“Like I’ve said, you might as well sign a check, otherwise don’t mention it.” I

waved him off rather shamelessly. “Don’t write me some thank you letter. I don’t need useless things. There’s no room for them yet.”

Ke Luo stared at me for a long while, and then sighed. “You can ask for anything.”

How generous.

I didn’t feel any joy. The reward he promised was great, but I felt like I was only holding a cold bowl of porridge.

“Anything?” The leering smile on my face didn’t drop even a bit. I tilted his chin up with my fingers. “Including your body?”

Ke Luo’s face flushed. He parted his mouth, yet he was rendered speechless. Although he had grown up so tall and mature, he remained faintly naïve within his bones.

Another cab approached with a vacant sign lit. This time I wouldn’t let it slip through the net. I shot my hand out to stop it and made a hasty retreat after I had taken advantage of Ke Luo.

Not long after the car had started, we were stuck in traffic on the overpass.

The semi-old car closely followed the truck that carried live pigs. With each slow step, the foul air took the opportunity to pour in through the half-opened car window. I choked and groaned uncomfortably in the back seat.

Luckily the feel of his skin still remained on the tips of my two fingers. I could recall the lingering touch.

That young, smooth, tender sensation.

I knew being frivolous was very bad. But if I wasn’t frivolous, I wouldn’t have

been able to fish out even this little touch. What else could I do?

Ke Luo sent me a text. It was still a “thank you.”

My teeth ached from looking at it.

There really was no need to thank me.

I wasn't a hypocrite. To this day I still hadn't the slightest good opinion toward the man. Apart from disgust and envy, there was nothing else.

Maybe someday, on impulse, I'll throw a sack over him and brutally beat him up.

If only he had died. Natural disaster, man-made disaster, anything would have been fine.

Yet he's still alive and well.

I didn't know what I had been thinking when I had endured the needle. How idiotic.

Perhaps it was just a spur of the moment.

Or maybe I truly was too lonely.

Comment: Lee's big secret has been exposed! Surprised? It seems like quite a few people guessed right that the donor was Lee. Looking back on it, little hints have been dropped, leading up to the big revelation. And Lee had some really cute moments in this chapter, like how he kept getting sandwiched b/t the door and the wall. >/u//< xoxo

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13b](#)

13b

Love Late vol. 2 - ch13 part b

Proofread by: Mion Sakamaki & Red



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2 **NSFW warning**

Here's the rest of chapter 13. Enjoy!

Chapter Thirteen

It rained the next morning. The pitter-patter of the rain and the overcast sky made people sleepy.

When I opened my eyes, I realized I had overslept. Even if I bolted to work, I would still be late. In that case, I might as well sleep more.

I snuggled up in bed and dreamed. In the middle of my sleep, I constantly woke up from hunger, but soothed myself back to sleep once again, so I no longer felt hungry anymore. With my continued efforts, I tried to fall back into sleep.

My dreams circled around the sounds of fighting. Like the sound of bombers, it

caused a buzzing in my ears. I held a baby in my hands. Amidst the noise, only the two of us sat quietly in the corner. He didn't cry or cause trouble. He simply just gazed at me with his raven-black eyes. He was a good baby.

But he felt too light as I held him.

Someone banged on the door. I didn't have the nerve to go open it. In my dream, I knew that they had come to collect debt.

His black eyes moved a little. He babbled, aimlessly repeating, yet he continued to look at me full of expectation. The first word a child should learn to say is "mama", however, his was "hungry."

Hungry, hungry.

I put my finger in his mouth. His drool dripped as he latched onto it and eagerly sucked it.

The banging on the door grew louder and increasingly clearer. Bang, bang, bang —as if someone was beating my chest.

Suddenly, I woke up. My heart was pounding wildly, nearly jumping out of my mouth. There really was someone knocking on the door.

Was the person pressing me to death in broad daylight?

I wiped the cold sweat from my forehead, fumbled off the bed into my slippers, and went to open the door.

"Uncle Lee..." Outside the door, the young man's hair was drenched, his eyes jet-black, and a cold chill covered his entire body. "Why did you double lock the door? You didn't come to work today. And when I called you, your phone was off. Are you sick?"

I was still half-asleep, so my reaction was slow. Once I opened my mouth, I said, "Hungry..."

"Huh?" Ke Luo was stupefied. He then smiled and said, "Oh, I figured you hadn't eaten yet, so I brought food to make you dinner."

In the few seconds while I was dazed, he had entered the apartment, carrying a slight fresh scent of rain. I didn't fully awake until the rush of the ice-cold air stirred me. "You specifically came to cook for me?"

"Uh-huh."

I was immediately overwhelmed by the unexpected favor. It had truly been a long time since I'd seen this kind of gentleness. How great of an honor this was for me now.

Ke Luo put the sorted food into the fridge. He then turned around and handed me an envelope. "Oh, yeah, you also wanted this."

There was a blank check inside.

The amount was left for me to fill? There was actually such a good thing.

Holding it in my hands, I looked at it and touched it. I considered the authenticity of it as I fiddled with it for a long while.

I finally confirmed that it was the real thing. I could write at the end however many zeros I'd like to write.

In his heart that man was priceless.

Ke Luo was already busy. While he soaked the sea cucumber and sliced the mushrooms and tripe to go with it, he put goji berries and angelica roots into the stewing pot.

“What are you making? Isn’t it better to eat out?”

I looked at the check over and over until my eyes were red and sore. I clicked my tongue. I was a wealthy man now. Of course I can be rich and overbearing, criticizing him left and right.

“It’s raining. Let’s go out when the weather is good.”

I threw my weight about and talked down to him, “Don’t even think about using common dishes to deal with me.”

He smiled. “I’ll take you wherever you want to go.”

He actually sat down and took it.

All of a sudden, it seemed like I had everything I wanted before my eyes, and it turned out that just by having those bone marrow cells, an exchange could be made.

He was obviously just a small wolf cub. But for that man, he turned into the world’s most docile lamb—white and pure. No matter how you lash out at him, he would only shake his tail and lower his eyes, leaving two long rows of eyelashes.

Ke Luo walked back and forth, preparing dinner. Partly reclined on the sofa, I drank my afternoon tea and watched TV with my legs up in a manner of a great elder as I bossed him around. The fruits had to be peeled with toothpicks inserted and delivered before me. I complained that this was too sweet and that was too bland. The texture was too rough. The color was bad.

In fact, there wasn’t much point in acting this way. Even if he was Lu Feng’s own precious flesh and blood son, someone second to only one person, I sent him on errands just as I wished. Yet bullying him around couldn’t give me any real sense

of pleasure.

I happily abused the right I received, acting as if I took pleasure in it. Even though that wasn't what I wanted at all, that was everything he could give. He was already working so hard, and I didn't want to force him anymore.

Dinner was almost done. The electric stew pot was placed in the living room, and the faint aroma drifted through the air. Ke Luo crouched down to check its temperature.

Outside the rain had stopped. To my surprise, the final bit of sunlight faintly peered through before the sky was dark. The young man's crouching back was bathed in the sunset glow. The window curtains fluttered in the wind. It resembled a moist oil painting.

I was slightly startled.

My body followed my heart, and I unconsciously walked up behind him. Just as Ke Luo stood up, I reached out and embraced him.

He was taken aback. He didn't move, yet his ears turned all pink.

I was afraid he'd move. I didn't have the face to restrain him if he struggled. For a moment, I was tense. My voice couldn't help getting hoarse. I cajoled him, "Keep your Uncle Lee company for a moment."

He understood my meaning and obediently stood still. Both his hands were down as he waited for my next move.

Convinced that he wouldn't resist, I gathered my nerve and carefully felt him from his forehead to his cheek, down to his chin, neck, chest, and then abs—inch by inch.

But it was only touching. He clearly took on a posture that displayed him at my

mercy, yet I actually felt terrified.

He was full of life, and I was decrepit.

In the end, I didn't do anything.

I intently examined him again with my fingers, and then said, "Let's eat."

It would be unbearable for me if I asked him to bed. I couldn't put up an attitude that begged for pleasure anymore. Although I could flush my face down the toilet anytime, I still had my pride.

I'd rather touch for a moment, just [eat some tofu](#) that's neither salty nor bland to quench my thirst and hunger, but not damaging for the stomach either.

Living one's life was also like this.

Ke Luo seemed to be stupefied. He then smiled and sheepishly whispered, "But Uncle Lee, you're poking me."

I was extremely embarrassed.

Fuck, this was one bad thing about being a man. You can't fool anyone.

The tall young man in front of me timidly turned around. One hand wrapped around me and the other slid into my pants.

He seemed to be very shy while he moved with care. His palm was scalding hot. As soon as he gripped me, I threw my helmet away and discarded my armor as I panted. Men are just that hopeless. I couldn't resist this kind of good thing delivered to my door, and there wasn't a need to resist.

Ke Luo concentrated on moving his fingers. With his face lowered, only his long eyelashes were exceptionally visible. I couldn't see his expression.

All the blood in my body rushed to my lower half. Without sufficient blood to my head, I couldn't come to my senses.

Maybe I shouldn't even bother. He wasn't his usual self as he acceded to my every plea, considerate to my needs. Wasn't this, which had been unobtainable, precisely what I had been waiting for all along?

When I almost shuddered from being held, my hands tightly gripped his shoulders. I dazedly thought: I'm so positive and broadminded, not bothered by the minor details.

I only cared for the action. I didn't need to be attached to the motive.

It made no difference to me. I'd still be happy if he fell in love with me because of his sense of gratitude.

Under a shudder, I eventually soaked his palm. My heart was still racing. I pulled myself together and lifted my eyes to his raven-black eyes. My throat constricted.

The two of us felt somewhat awkward. We both averted our eyes in silence. I adjusted my pants. Ke Luo pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the traces off his hand.

“Uncle Lee.”

“Yeah, what?” After a man lets it out, his body would loosen and his voice would soften.

“Why did your bone marrow match?”

“Oh, that.” My mouth also relaxed. “It's nothing strange. This kind of occasion could arise at any time. I just happened to run into it.”

Ke Luo, the small sheep, looked up at me. “Why did you take the test?”

“I had a sudden impulse to take it, so I took it.” I laughed. “Or do you wish that it was you who donated his bone marrow? Better have a hero save the beauty, yet in the end I took the credit. Are you jealous?”

“What I mean to say is that since you don’t like him, why did you think of taking a compatibility test for him? Could you have already known that you’d likely match?”

I blanked out for a moment, and then fastened my belt tight. “What a joke. I’m not an angel, so how would I know?”

Two horns seemed to have emerged from the top of the small sheep’s head. “Determining whether a bone marrow is compatible isn’t as simple as taking one’s temperature. No one would have so much spare time that he’d try it.”

I yawned. “I was just that bored.”

“Uncle Lee, why can’t you be honest?”

I smiled. “You can really nag on. Okay, what ‘truth’ do you want to hear to be satisfied?”

Ke Luo was taken aback. Apparently he wasn’t certain.

“Are you his relative?”

I hastily denied it, “No.”

Ke Luo stared at me. “You’re lying again.”

“If I say I’m not, then I’m not.”

“We’ll know once it’s checked.”

“What’s checked?”

He extended his closed fist. “Semen is enough to test the DNA.”

I was completely caught off-guard. My mind blanked out all at once.

Fuck, it turned out that he came so he could collect semen. No wonder he was stroking me like I’m some sort of milk cow.

I had thought that after honing myself for a long time and continuously making headway, my defense system would be impenetrable by now. Who knew that this brat would have the skill to bypass the firewall and give me a blow?

This time there wasn’t any civility left to be said. My eyes burned red, and I gritted my teeth. My attack system had fully switched on. Like a bull that saw red, I desperately tried to snatch the balled sheet from his hand.

Taking me as a monkey to play with, this little bastard.

I prevailed. His fingers were finally pried open one by one, yet the inside was empty.

It dawned on me that I really had taken the bait this time. My expression then must have been far from calm and probably had some panic. I had practically told him the answer.

He looked at me and pulled out his cell phone. “I’m telling Shu Nian to come.”

I choked on a breath. Flaring with anger, I frowned, thought about it, and nodded. I understood it now and suddenly felt a bit sad.

“That’s right; you came here precisely for Shu Nian.”

Sure enough, my eyesight was bad. I had to stare for a long while before seeing such an obvious thing.

As a matter of fact, I may have already known in my heart. To come here all of a sudden after not looking for me for so long—wasn’t it simply to ask me some things?

I just wished that he had, in spite of the rain, especially come over to really cook for me: the two of us eating together, and then watching TV. Maybe go to bed and lie down for a while side by side, exchanging some words, like how we used to when we had just met.

The phone connected around this time. Ke Luo gave out a “Hello.” He looked at me, yet he still opened his mouth in the end and said, “Shu Nian...” Before he could finish speaking, I suddenly snatched his phone and aggressively threw it to the ground, adding the crush of my foot.

Ke Luo looked at me a little surprised.

The break was nowhere close to resolving my anger, but I let out a breath nevertheless slowly. I was able to regain my graceful poise once again and grinned at him. “I’m sorry, next time I’ll replace it with a new one.”

Ke Luo looked down at the severed device. “What are you running from?”

I laughed, making no comment, and went to pour myself a drink as if nothing had happened. I invited him, “Would you like a drink?”

Deluding myself and him, I thought that if I disregarded the topic that killed the atmosphere, we could return to the picturesque mood a moment ago.

Ke Luo stood at the same spot, staring at me, and I smiled at him as I lifted a

bottle of wine.

His fine raven-black eyebrows, his beautiful straight nose—his face actually exuded a gentle melancholy.

“Shu Nian...he...”

“Don’t mention Shu Nian to me. There’s no point in talking about him. Let’s drink.”

Ke Luo stood still.

I smiled and poured two glasses. “If you speak another word of Shu Nian in my presence, we’ll break off relations. Who do you think your Uncle Lee is?”

The light in the room dimmed. As the sky darkened down, the dimness gradually turned gray. I could only make out his silhouette.

“Lee, you knew it all along. So why do you keep refusing to say it? Regardless of how much you hate Shu Nian, he’s still your younger brother, isn’t he?”

Forget it.

I finally put down the bottle that I had been holding. I felt into my pocket with a smile and found a cigarette to smoke.

“How does what’s between Shu Nian and me concern you? You have no right to interfere in my affairs, and even more so in his.”

My words hit him right in the heart.

Ke Luo was taken aback for a moment before he could form a reply. “You can’t hide your entire life. There are some things you’ll have to face sooner or later.”

I laughed and said, “People will have to die sooner or later, so why don’t you just go die now?”

Ke Luo was shocked.

It wasn’t as if I couldn’t hurt him. It’s just that I couldn’t really bear to.

“Shu Nian simply won’t give you a thought. No matter how you please him, he won’t care, so why bother?”

I could finally cruelly mock him, “Look at how low you’ve stooped.”

Even though these words might be more suited to describe me.

Ke Luo’s face suddenly flushed and quickly paled. His fine, white teeth slightly bit his lips. And after a while, he said, “I’m leaving.”

“So soon?” I reached out and wrapped my arm around his shoulders as I frivolously said, “Let’s eat and just chitchat.”

“I have nothing to say to you.”

I suddenly grabbed him by his collar. Ke Luo was caught off guard and stumbled a little. He was pressed down on the floor by me.

I smiled at him. In his surprised eyes, I rode on his waist and lowered my head to bite his neck hard.

I think the reason why I was so obsessed with him was because I couldn’t get him. If he’d let me top him once, perhaps I’d be liberated from then on.

Ke Luo struggled up. His strength and skills were all considered excellent and absolutely brutal, but I gained the initiative by striking first. I quickly twisted his arms back, lacking tenderness, and firmly pushed his head down, pressing his

cheek onto the somewhat dusty floor.

Ke Luo couldn't exert any more strength in this kind of position. He was ruthlessly restrained by me. His face displayed a look of astonishment. He had probably never imagined I could gain the upper hand.

It wasn't anything strange. I just couldn't bear to hurt him before, that's all.

Using the most frivolous and obscene action, I licked his earlobe. "You want me to acknowledge that man? It's fine if you want to curry favor with him. Accompany me tonight, and then we'll talk."

Ke Luo struggled for a little while. He let out a strained voice, "Let go of me."

He had obviously gone mad. It would be strange if he didn't bite me to death the second I loosen my grip.

"This is what you owe me." I patted his smooth cheeks. "Once we do it this time, our loans will be settled."

"Uncle Lee..."

"What? Don't tell me that you thought fucking me so many times was free of charge?"

I started kissing his neck, not the least bit gentle, making him severely furrow his brows. According to him, I probably "used force" several times before.

In fact, can you consider those as something? He basically didn't know what it's like to really be forced.

During the struggling, breaths gradually became heavy. My hand probed into his pants and crudely pulled down his briefs. I carelessly tormented him for a while. After that, I groped his rear and tried to directly insert a finger.

This obviously hurt him, but he didn't utter a word. His complexion just drained of color.

I chuckled. "Excuse me, your Uncle Lee forgot to trim his nails."

Ke Luo bit his lips.

Of course I was clear on what he was thinking. Lu Feng and he were so similar in some ways.

Surely after this, my days would be difficult. But I'd already come to this. If I stopped at this, he might not let me off. I'll die anyway, so I might as well have some fun first.

I only inserted half my finger, and he exposed an agonizing expression. His blue veins stood out from under his thin skin. Like a small wounded beast, he gasped between clenched teeth.

I suppose all his life he had never had anyone treat him like this. If I became the first person to treat him so, thus remembered by him, that wouldn't be so bad.

Loving that man to death, and then hating me to death.

Deadlocked in this position for a while, his entire body was tense, growing hotter. It was full of accumulated strength under the humiliation. As for my body, there was that parched heat until everything actually seemed to have been released, gradually leaving only a hollow chill.

What kind of pleasure would humiliating him give me?

I withdrew my finger and kissed his damp forehead.

He was so young. I kissed him again.

“Ke Luo.”

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

I was startled. Both our movements were sluggish.

Ke Luo took advantage of the moment I slightly relaxed my hands to wrench his arm free. He fiercely gave me an elbow and quickly rolled over, using his back to crush me underneath. He didn’t neglect to give a severe blow to my stomach as well.

I had thought that his wrists had long been numbed. I didn’t think his movement would be so quick and well-executed, comparable to that of animals. My fixation on him wasn’t without reason.

Even though I was struck back to the point that I was in cold sweat and my eyes blurred, I don’t topple over even when dead, so I grabbed his collar and pulled him down again.

We were still entangled as we fought each other when we heard the door open. Then *click*. The lights lit up.

I knew it was Lin Jing. I had just given the key to that kid.

That’s fine. It’s not a big deal to let him see a real fight scene.

Ke Luo, on the other hand, loosened his hold as if shocked and scrambled up from on top of me. He appeared somewhat at a loss.

I had just blinked as I adjusted to the light, when I saw that, besides Lin Jing with his mouth wide open, there was also a tidy, lean man.

“Ah...”

It was obvious that the man was extremely surprised. He looked at me, and then looked at Ke Luo, blanking out.

Lin Jing still maintained the look as if he swallowed an egg. He stammered, “Ha-have I disrupted something?”

Ke Luo was speechless. He seemed to be trembling with rage. The flush on his face still hadn’t completely faded away. He glared at me and pushed through the two men out the door.

Lying on the floor, I hissed in a breath. I wanted to welcome the visitors in a casual manner, but I was helpless, unable to get up. I could only bite my teeth and force a smile. “Lin Jing, give me a hand.”

My abs was throbbing with pain, having suffered twice from Ke Luo. The last surgical wound was probably torn open.

I had tried to steal a chicken, and instead I ended up losing the rice I had used to lure it.

I was taken to the hospital, and my stomach was stitched up once more. When I woke up, Lin Jing came to visit me, bringing some food—yet he ate more than half of it. He even laughed at how ugly the gauze around my stomach was, and then cheerfully left

Lin Jing was sensible. He would never say some bitter nonsense to comfort me.

And there really was nothing I needed comfort on. I had suffered a beating after an unsuccessful attempt to rape—would I be proud to say that? If one more person looked at me with pity in his eyes, I would really die of shame.

After Lin Jing had left, it didn't remain quiet for long. There was activity at the doorway once more. I opened one eye. As soon as I saw the man who arrived, I quickly closed my eye again, pretending to sleep soundly.

I heard the man come in. After that, he seemed to have carefully pulled out a chair to sit down.

He was really very patient. He just sat and waited in silence. After a long time had passed, with probably nothing to do, he started to peel a fruit.

It was much more agonizing for me. And it's a hard job, pretending to sleep, especially when your nose feels itchy. I just hoped he'd hurry up and leave.

I didn't want him to know the relationship between us.

If he finds out, what will happen?

Will we have a great big happy ending?

Don't be foolish.

He wasn't even ready to accept an older brother who suddenly popped up out of nowhere. It's meaningless to force it upon him.

The minute sound of peeling an apple continued on. Hearing it got on my nerves.

I knew he was watching me, waiting for me to wake up, wanting to say something to me. But I had no idea what he actually wanted to say to me, never knowing what kind of response he'd give to me.

I apprehensively waited for the unknown.

I hated that prolonged uneasiness of waiting to be picked.

I didn't want to confront it—the so-called fear of getting close.

That tiny scraping sound carried on for a long while. I didn't know how many he had peeled by now, waiting for me to "wake" up. I was afraid I'd be full to the point of bursting from all those apples, which were lined up and waiting.

I finally couldn't tolerate it any longer. I sneezed and opened my eyes.

The man seemed startled. He looked at me and gave a nervous smile. "You're awake?"

My face stiffened, and I yawned. "No kidding."

With nothing to say for a while, the man sneaked a glance at me as he continued to peel the apple in his hand.

Fuck, what's the use of peeling that much? I couldn't eat it anyway!

The fruit in his hand had already turned to the barest core before he put down the knife, slightly embarrassed. He hesitated for a long while, and then tentatively said, "Uh, about the past, I don't really remember."

No one expected you to remember.

"But I feel like I should have an older brother."

"..."

"Because I wasn't quite certain and I was too small at that time, I didn't think about it anymore."

"..."

"It must be you."

I firmly said, "It's not."

He turned a deaf ear and continued to talk on his own, "I'm sorry. I've actually forgotten about you."

"It has nothing to do with me."

"I know it's you."

"I said it's not." My temper shot up.

"Okay, okay." He flustered a little and good-naturedly said, "If it's not, it's not."

He thought for a moment, and then asked me, "What was my name before?"

"How would I know?!"

He was kind of driving me mad. I threw whatever I could grab. "You're so annoying. Get out."

The man frantically dodged out of the way. "D-don't get agitated. I won't trouble you." After that, he pushed the thermos cup on the table over. "Here, sip some soup?"

Sip, my ass. I glared at him.

His face had thinned. Having gone through surgery not too long ago, his complexion was a little pale. He seemed accustomed to taking things as they come with his docile sheep-like eyes.

I thought of his limp.

He didn't seem to have really lived his days well.

Those bastards.

“Your name was so awful.” I heard my own voice crack—although it was ridiculous. “And you were horrible!”

Shu Nian was a little shocked. “W-why?”

“You ate too much.”

“Huh?” The man was baffled as he had no idea of the reason for the details. “Ah, that’s right. You seem to have always given me something to eat...”

When you were little, you would compete with me over food, and now you compete with me over people. I hated him.

“Don’t-don’t cry.”

“Fuck, who’s crying!” I cursed out loud.

I didn’t know why I was having this hard of a time.

The man carefully placed a hand on my shoulder. He came closer and awkwardly embraced me.

Comment: It was wrong for Ke Luo to trick Lee, but it was what Lee needed to confront what he's been evading all this time. The entire scene between them was asdfghjk! And the awkward moment between Lee and Shu Nian at the end was just too adorable. This chapter actually ended on a sweet note for Lee~<3

[Chapter 13a](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

14

Love Late vol. 2 - ch14

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Proofreaders: Mion Sakamaki, Red, & Lulu



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

A great thank you to "mrow" for donating! I can't wait to work on a new project...though I'll be sad once I finish working on Love Late. ; w ; Also thank you to my proofreaders for their quick, excellent work. Now onto chapter 14! I look forward to reading all your comments for this chapter~

Chapter Fourteen

I had lain idly in the hospital for several days, but those days actually weren't bad at all. My wound was minor after it was restitched, and every day I ate Shu Nian's homemade lunch. I ate and drank all day long just as before and teased the nurses.

As long as I had the heart to do it, I could be rather charming. Even though the

nurses scolded me, “you’re too much” and “dirty man,” they still smiled and took special care of me. As the most well-liked patient, life was cozy. I indulged in pleasure and forgot my home and duty. I didn’t want to leave the hospital.

I blissfully considered my hospitalization as going on a vacation. The only difference was that, while others run across the globe to bask under the sun on a sandy beach, I basked under the sun on a hospital bed. The four white walls sometimes gave people an escape that arose from a sense of security.

Xie Yan pushed open the ward door with a foul face. Nestled in bed, I was reading the romance magazines that the nurses had smuggled for me—bursting out with laughter—when I raised my head and saw a face that appeared as if to demand a payment of debt. I almost hiccupped from fright.

My brother-in-law ferociously headed toward the bedside and slammed down a thermo cup. His hand’s strength was so great that even the solid wood was shaking. “How long are you going to freeload?”

“Uh...” I’d always been a bully to the weak and a coward before the strong. I was instantly terrified. “Master Xie, I seem to be paying my own hospital fees, right?”

“Xiao Nian is still recuperating and he’s a patient at that. His body is much weaker than yours. Every day he cooks for you and comes all the way over here to deliver the meal. Do you think it’s amusing?” He gave a look of contempt at my pale face. “A big man like you acting spoiled like this. You’ve gone too far.”

“What?!”

“Relying on it to confirm that he cherishes you, your trick is too juvenile.”

I flew into rage out of humiliation. “Quit spouting nonsense.”

Xie Yan sneered, “Don’t think I can’t see through it. I’ve used this move a lot more. You’re still wet behind the ears.”

I couldn't help but burst into anger. "An immature brat like you have the cheek to say that of me?!"

Our eyes turned bloodshot, our feathers ruffled— like a confrontation between two aggressive roosters. The door opened once more.

Damn it, is the "no visitors" sign hung on my door a fake?

"Xie Yan, you only took the soup. You forgot the spoon..."

Once Xie Yan saw the visitor, his bones immediately softened by half. His expression quickly adjusted into a loving wife's smile. It was my turn to sneer this time.

"I can buy a spoon anywhere, yet you came here just to deliver one."

The man honestly said, "I still want to come see my brother."

I delightfully gave out a "hah." Xie Yan's smile became rigid, and he asked between his clenched teeth, "What's there to look at?"

There wasn't anything to look at indeed. But in the eyes of that man, it's as if a flower bloomed on my face, making him want to steal a glance from time to time.

We were both grown men. It's rather tacky to be all warm and cuddly.

So we just sat together. He poured me soup as I munched on smoke-quitting candies. We just occasionally looked at each other, not saying a word.

That gaze of his, full of feelings, was gradually getting under my skin.

Despite what kind of "feelings" Shu Nian was full of, waves of jealousy poured

out of Master Xie as he said, “The man’s not even sick. Why do you have to look after him?!”

“He’s hospitalized and needs to recover his health...”

“I also need to recover!”

Xie Yan’s words were urgent, and his arms and legs were flailing wildly. *How shameless.*

Shu Nian was uneasy for a moment. He then said, “Um, I came here to tell you that we have to return to S City in a couple days.”

“Mm-hm.” I lowered my head to sip my soup.

They had stayed here long enough. After surgery, Shu Nian had stayed a few more days. Xie Yan was worried that he was coveted by a certain someone, so, as expected, he guarded him, refusing to leave. I was actually curious as to how he had that much time to spare when he has to manage the Xie family.

Go ahead, go. The longer he stays, the happier Ke Luo will be. I was in a gloomy mood because I couldn’t bear to see Ke Luo fine.

“Asking this might make things difficult for you...” Shu Nian looked at me. “...but I don’t know if you’d be willing to go back with me? It’s all very convenient over there. Well, work and accommodation are all readily available.”

I was dumbfounded.

“If you don’t want to, there’s no need to force yourself,” he cautiously said. “You can first stay for a period of time and see if you can get accustomed to it.”

Seeing as I didn’t respond, he went for the next best thing, “Actually, the two cities aren’t that far in distance from each other. I can visit you every week. But

living alone, meals and such aren't guaranteed. Live with us and it can be taken care of..."

This guy's personality really was soft like [mochi](#). I felt a little irritated.

Xie Yan, on the other hand, was much less polite. "You've kidnapped Xiao Nian, so it's impossible for me to not harbor grudges, but you've donated your bone marrow to him and you're also his brother. Come to S city. I won't mistreat you."

That day, I arranged to be discharged. This vacation place wasn't good at all. I clearly entrusted the nurses to prohibit visitors from entering, yet they're always incompetent. They didn't even help me block that murderous-looking Xie Yan.

I went looking for Lin Jing to go out for a drink. To celebrate my "recovery," he gave me a box of [Durex](#).

"Old man, seeing as you keep having a shitty face these days, it must have been a long time since you've had sex."

"Bullshit."

But what he said wasn't wrong either. I hadn't been spending my money at Narcissism lately. A man like me, who desires food and sex as a part of nature, to actually have waning interest in that aspect was truly bad.

Since when did it start? I even felt empty with those beautiful young men in bed.

"Little brat..." I poked his head. "I plan to go to S City."

Lin Jing opened his mouth wide, then stammered, "Wh-why?"

"You saw it too." I spread out my hands. "That day I was sex-obsessed and made a move on Ke Luo. Granted it was a failed attempt, if he wanted to come after me to settle the score, I would have to take the consequences."

Lin Jing fell silent for a while, a little sad. But soon after he suddenly said, "Well, it's not as if it's inconvenient, and it's not far at all. It's only a two-hour flight to there. When I have time to spare, I'll come find you to eat out. Besides, if it doesn't go well, you'll come back..."

Curving my fingers, I knocked on his head. "Sorry, I didn't treat you well in the past."

If I hadn't been so frivolous and insolent...if I had settled down and not failed him, we could have been happier and more at peace.

Lin Jing's face paled. He pounced on me and pinched my face, crying out in imitation of some comic character, "Are you really Lee? Take off your mask..."

After eating, the two of us strolled along the street.

We were more or less drunk. Stumbling and flinging our arms about as we yelled —making complete fools of ourselves.

Suddenly an alarm set off in my head. I grabbed Lin Jing. "Hey, lend me your waist."

I quickly wrapped my arm around his waist in sweet intimacy.

The worst thing that can happen is when you are acting like a fool and you encounter the person in your heart.

Ke Luo was approaching our way.

He was carrying some stuff. There was a slight bruise on his cheek. That day, I really had laid a heavy hand on him.

Ke Luo was clearly surprised upon seeing the two of us. He had a slightly

bewildered look. But our steps didn't stop, and we brushed past each other. I had a slight urge to say something to him, yet it was hard to turn around.

Lin Jing patted the hand I had placed on his waist. "Lee, you must really like him."

I laughed. "Nonsense."

Lin Jing watched my hand unconsciously search my pocket for a cigarette. "Forget it, it's hard for you to change your habit."

I just give a couple dry coughs.

"If you're not interested in anything other than his body, then once you leave, I really will pursue him. This kind of top-notch beauty living under the same roof—oh, how can one resist...?"

I immediately grabbed him by the neck. "Don't you dare!"

If someone dares to toy with Ke Luo, I'll beat him so full of holes like a sieve.

Since I had decided to leave, I'd been busy spending the remainder of my time going out and having fun with Lin Jing.

Today we arranged to go for karaoke. Lin Jing arrived first to reserve a medium-sized room with a lot of microphones. We could hold one in each hand and yell to our heart's content.

When I arrived at the door of the room, Lin Jing was standing at the entrance as if outside for a breath of fresh air. He was overjoyed at the sight of me. "You came just in time!"

“What’s going on?”

“Ke Luo is inside.”

“Eh?”

“I owe him money that I can’t pay. He’s mad and doesn’t have anywhere to vent his anger. Hurry and soothe his nerves.”

As I was pushed toward the room, I didn’t overlook to struggle and asked, “Damn it, why me?”

“Your skin is thick and your flesh rough.”

The door shut with a bang. Ke Luo, who was on the sofa, heard the sound. He lifted his head and gave a look of surprise. Our eyes locked. For a period of time, we were a little awkward. I froze at the doorway for a moment, but I still smiled and said, “Hi, you’re here too?”

“Lin Jing said he had invited a lot of friends to sing together.” He paused. “But I didn’t know you’d come as well.”

What is that damn brat, Lin Jing, playing? I gritted my teeth. After falling silent for quite a while, he opened his mouth first, “I don’t think anybody else will come.”

I laughed. “Lin Jing’s ploy. I think he wants to pursue you.”

“Pursue?” Ke Luo was taken aback. He chuckled. “I’m at such an age, yet I’ve never been pursued by anyone.”

This damn, slow-witted guy. But seriously thinking, I hadn’t really done what could be considered as pursuing him. Besides [eating his tofu](#) and eating someone else’s tofu—[a dead duck with a hard mouth](#)—what else had I done?

I looked at the young man sitting alone in the corner and felt somewhat in turmoil.

I had thought that we might be in a cold war since then: possibly never in contact again until we die of old age. But I hadn't anticipated that I'd leave.

Thinking that I'd never see him from now on, the tough things seemed to turn a little sore and soft.

When a man's departure is near, he speaks from his heart. I felt that I should apologize to him.

"About what happened that day, I'm sorry."

Ke Luo didn't say a word.

"It was me who made a mess of things. I shouldn't have forced you." It seemed to be my first time bowing my head like this.

"I'm sorry..." It was quiet for a moment, then he said in a low voice, "...that I made your wound tore open. It was only a reflex."

The both of us fell silent again. On the screen was Ozone's "Dragostea Din Tei." The [Chinese version](#) had almost been sung until it's worn out. All day long, Lin Jing liked to shout out, "When I see a cockroach, I will not be afraid now!" Hearing that "Ma-ia-hii, Ma-ia-huu" so cheerfully played, the both of us, after apologizing to each other, couldn't help feeling embarrassed.

"Do you want to go on singing?"

Ke Luo wryly smiled and said, "I'm tone deaf."

"Then let's go."

The two of us alone like this during our last moment: I was afraid I wouldn't be able to restrain my urge to kiss him once more.

We went downstairs to settle the bill. I used the accumulated spending points to exchange for a Hello Kitty watch. Even though it's rather impractical, if I didn't exchange them now, I would have no need for them afterwards.

Once the two of us walked out the main door, we should have said our goodbyes. His house and my apartment were in two different directions, but I couldn't say anything. Slightly halting, Ke Luo asked, "Do you have anything to do later?"

"Hm?"

"I was originally invited by my friends to go bungee jumping. In the end, I was dragged here by Lin Jing to sing... It's still early right now. I can still go bungee jumping. Do you want to come along?"

I wasn't afraid of anything, just death. Once I die, there will be nothing left. As far as I was concerned, having a cord tied around my waist and jumping down from that high of a place, even if I didn't die, it would in fact be a death wish. This kind of thing—I would never dare to do.

Ke Luo helped tie the cords around my waist and legs. "Are you ready?"

"No problem." I forced a laugh as I looked at him.

"Are you alright?" He watched me. "You don't look well."

This isn't hard. I just have to let go, move forward, and dive. I had watched Ke Luo jumping so beautifully a moment ago, almost like he was flying. I'd eaten decades more rice and bread than him. I would never go as far as to not do it.

“Don’t be scared. The cords are very tight, so you’re safe,” Ke Luo reassured me from behind.

I took a couple deep breaths and looked below my feet. It was bad not looking. Once I looked—*oh, motherfucker*—everything went round and round. Goosebumps rose from my back.

“I-I...” I didn’t have courage after all. My legs wouldn’t budge.

“I’ll count one, two, three. On the count of three, you jump, alright?”

I rigidly chuckled.

“One, two, three...”

“Ho-hold on. Count to five.”

“Okay.”

“...why don’t you count to ten!”

Upon hearing “ten,” I gritted my teeth, and my body rushed forward. But there was no feeling of falling?

“Lee...” Ke Luo’s voice sounded a little helpless.

I had charged, but my fingers still clutched the handrail, refusing to let go, live or die—unable to be pried open.

“If you’re truly afraid, then it’s all right not to jump.”

I composed myself. “Jump with me then.”

Starting over once more, Ke Luo tied his cords too, and then wrapped his arms around my waist. “Lee, you can let go.”

My fingers still shamelessly stuck to the railing.

Ke Luo laughed and said, “It won’t do if you can’t let go.”

My blood froze. I struggled with one finger...two fingers...finally I released my hold completely.

My body dropped from high in the air. I immediately squeezed him tight. It was an unending vertigo.

The whole world was shaking up and down, left and right. It was simply unrealistic.

Except for the man who held me close.

I opened my eyes, then closed them again.

“Was it fun?”

“Ve-very exciting,” I stammered. I staggered when my feet touched the ground again.

With a smile, Ke Luo helped untie my cords, watching my hands tremble as if I had pulled a muscle.

“It looks scary at first glance. But, in fact, once you do it, you find out that it’s not hard at all.”

I hadn’t thought I’d release my hold even if I died. But when I had actually let go, it seemed like it wasn’t that bad.

I kept thinking that I couldn't bear it if I was unable to see him. But perhaps not having him in my life, besides a slight sense of emptiness, was no big deal.

"Thank you very much for the entertainment today. This is for you." I took out the cartoon watch I had made an exchange for.

Ke Luo took the watch with a white-pink kitten face and smiled. "Thank you."

"Oh, that's right." I turned my head. "I'm going to S City tomorrow. Your Uncle Lu will find someone better than me to help you. You can rest assure."

I thought I could guess his reaction, but Ke Luo just said, "Uh-huh, I know."

I opened my mouth wide. I had no idea when I was infected by Lin Jing's comical expression like I was swallowing an egg. "How did you know?"

Ke Luo quieted down for a moment, then said, "You had resigned. After resigning, the company would reclaim the apartment, but I didn't see you looking for a new place. Not only that, Shu Nian has been very happy these past few days. He's going back. And if he was separated from you, he'd definitely be sad."

I didn't know what to say and just stared at him for a while. Then I praised him loudly, "You're a great kid. So sharp. You and [Conan](#) are actually brothers, right?"

Ke Luo gave a short chuckle and shook his head. "And, well, just before Lin Jing left he told me."

Seeing him laugh, I also laughed and shook my head. "That little brat really does have a big mouth."

I had hoped to see his startled face. A look of surprise, him holding me back, reluctance, a bit of guilt, a little regret, anything was fine... Yet it turned out

there was nothing.

The two of us stood facing each other. I could see the figure under my feet stretched out by the setting sun. It looked like a loser.

He asked, “Will you like living in S City?”

I laughed, “Of course. I can’t get by in T City at all. But once I arrive in S City, there’s someone to tend to my eating, drinking, and taking a dump. My brother-in-law also has the authority and influence. There’s him to cover for everything. What’s there not to like?”

He was quiet again.

Our remaining time together was ticking away, and yet we’re just thoroughly bored in silence. It really was farther off than what I had envisioned. I had imagined that he might flip out with rage or express a look of deep pain, shedding a couple drops of hot tears, or, with fervent eyes, embrace me...

Excuse me, a lonely middle-aged man is likely to overthink.

My heart gradually ached, and I sighed, “Little brat.”

He looked at me.

“Will you miss me?”

He continued to stare.

Maybe the light became poor, so the young man’s face seemed to be shrouded by fog. It was as if not only did I not know what he was thinking, but even he himself didn’t know what he was thinking.

Not receiving a reply, I vented my anger by flicking his forehead hard. “How

heartless. Lin Jing is better than you. In any case, we've been together for a period of time as well. One night marriage may be short, but feelings run deep."

Ke Luo slightly pressed his lips as he allowed me to give his bright, clean forehead a number of red marks.

"Okay." I pulled back my hand and spoke loudly, "The past is compared to the death of yesterday. Yesterday is like the water flowing east, pouring into the ocean and not coming back. May as well forget it all. Your Uncle Lee will go build a new life, heading towards a brighter tomorrow." Then, with heroism reaching to the clouds, I waved. "See you."

He laughed again. Today he had been laughing a lot. Surprisingly, there weren't any departing sorrows, but, luckily, there was some tenderness.

"I'll take you home then."

I was no longer modest or awkward, so I gave a flat nod. "Alright."

"I'll treat you to a drink."

"Okay."

I had assumed that the person who was friendly and sentimental because of the separation was me, but who could have thought it was actually him.

After drinking, we arrived at my apartment, and I directly sent him off. I washed up, checked the number of packed bags, and then went to bed.

Far into the night, I couldn't fall asleep.

I crawled up from bed, took out my laptop, and turned it on. I entered a gay forum's chat room. The middle of the night was the liveliest time. Lonely men, who had an empty bed and refused to lie down unaccompanied, set out to flirt

with others or grieve alone. The screen scrolled quickly.

I logged in as “[38 year-old male bloom](#).” Just as before, I had picked a name that had a playful taste to relieve the pent-up frustrations in my chest and to facilitate sleep.

I couldn’t raise any interest after typing several lines.

“Oh, Uncle Flower isn’t fierce enough today.”

“That’s right. 38 seems a little wilted tonight.”

These nicknames just worsened my mood. I raged for a period of time and made the chat room fill with foul black smoke, leading to me getting kicked out repeatedly. In a foul mood, I furiously closed the chat room and started to watch a short gay porn film.

Someone in the forum messaged me: “What’s the matter?”

“Things seem to be going poor for me.” I thought for a moment. “Very poor.”

“What?”

My fingers were suspended on the keyboard, yet I couldn’t answer it. This fellow sufferer was a good man. He’d definitely comfort me, but I couldn’t. I couldn’t let others see my wounds. Apart from the pain, it would double the shame. I was that strong-oriented.

Before he logged off, he advised me with good intentions: “Go to bed. No matter how down you feel, sleep and it’ll pass by.

I thanked him and continued to watch the film. With overworked eyes, I was weary and sore. I didn’t know whether these old eyes of mine, which were glued to the porn movie, had tears.

Past experience won't make me weak. What I needed to face was the future.

A blade only needs a fraction of a second to cut down, but I had no idea when the pining after that day would end. Just thinking back on that day, I felt that the span was unbearable.

The next day, Xie Yan and Shu Nian came to take me to the airport. Lin Jing didn't come to see me off. I knew him. He liked to pick up from the airport, yet refused to see someone off. He rejoiced in reunions, but loathed farewells. Who wasn't like that.

Ke Luo actually came. He probably came to see Shu Nian off. At this point, Xie Yan didn't appear generous. He was as tight in defense as before against Ke Luo, not giving him much of a chance to speak to Shu Nian, so I idly chatted with Ke Luo. As his senior, I consoled the little brat who was old enough to be my son.

"S City isn't far at all. When you pay Xiao Nian a visit, remember to bring me something nice. Something delicious or fun. Remember to show filial respect to your elder, eh?"

Ke Luo stood straight with reddened eyes.

I teased him, "Have you been crying?"

He nodded.

"Have you ever cried in front of the person you liked?"

He thought for a moment, then nodded again.

I laughed and patted his head. "You're hopeless."

Men should be like me: always poise and with ease no matter what, especially in the presence of the one they like.

It was almost my turn to go through security check, so I called to him, “Hey, about the unpleasant things involving me, just forget it all.”

Ke Luo lowered his head. “I know.”

“Know what?”

“I know you treat me well.”

I gave out a “Hah.” Accepting the compliment, I touched his head. “You have manners now.”

He looked soft at first glance, but he was actually headstrong. Just as I never dared to mention Lu Feng’s matter, perhaps he had long since known, but was waiting for Lu Feng to admit it. If Lu Feng didn’t utter a word, he’d be an orphan then.

No one could urge him or force anything on him. The more he was pressed, the more cold-hard that shell of his became. You can only use the warmth from your chest to cover him until he hatches from his shell.

But I didn’t think I could cover him any longer.

When the three of us had passed the security check, I turned around and saw that he was still standing there. I waved goodbye to him.

He suddenly blurted out, “Lee!”

Just that and nothing more. In the crowded airport, nothing could be fixed in place. He was just like how he had looked when I had first met him. My

memories were still clear. And yet, within my field of vision, his face gradually faded.

Comment: Another lovable chapter for Lee. =u= The happy moments between Lee and Ke Luo are just so sweet. But what's going to happen now that Lee is finally going to move on??? OAo

[Chapter 13b](#)

[Chapter 15a](#)

15a

Love Late vol. 2 - ch15a

Translator: dairytea Proofreaders: Mion Sakamaki & ayszhang



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

Surprise! Sorry for the long wait. And thank you to my awesome proofreaders!
Now onto a new chapter in Lee's life~

Chapter Fifteen

I definitely felt a sense of loss upon leaving T City, but S City suited my taste as well. By the time we left the airport, the entire city had already been illuminated by the neon lights. I loved the hustling city at night.

A new city, a new atmosphere, and a new life surely meant a change of luck.

Damn it, if I can't find the right guy here, I don't know where I can.

Still sucking on the mint I got from the plane, I set foot on my brother-in-law's place. Fortunately, they weren't living with the Xie family elders. Otherwise, with

my record for kidnapping, it'd really be awkward seeing them.

They hired someone to sweep the house in advance. It appeared warm and clean. The overall taste was alright. There were just one too many cushions and pillows and seemed a bit too cluttered with things like potted plants, fish tanks—too many useless things that I could care less for.

It felt too much like home, making me feel out of place.

“Tada! What do you think?” Shu Nian opened a door like he was presenting a treasure. He gave me an expressive glance, and then looked toward the room.

“Oh?” The carpet was so soft that half of my feet were buried in it. Goosebumps crawled over my skin right away.

My brother-in-law’s apartment wasn’t bad. The location was good, the arrangement was beautiful, and it was spacious. I trust that it’s a great place to live in and I appreciate his hospitality.

But I will never lodge under another’s roof. Not to mention, I wouldn’t even have the freedom to bring someone back to spend the night. And if I was seen by Xie Yan getting it on on the living room sofa, wouldn’t he turn ill in the face?

Not only should we not live together, we should be separated as far away from each other as possible. I definitely didn’t want a man to meddle in my life like a nanny.

“I don’t plan on moving in.”

“Eh?” Shu Nian was surprised. Panicking, he said, “It’s actually really convenient here, and the neighborhood is pretty nice. If you don’t like it, wait until I tidy it up and see what we’re missing...”

I grabbed his shoulder and sincerely said, “Believe me, several grown men, who

are all gay, living in one apartment can't be good."

"Well, it can't turn out bad either." The honest, naïve man said, "You've only just arrived. First rest here for a few days. If you think it's no good, you can move to another place."

I guided him patiently, "The issue isn't whether it's good or not. It's that it'll be inconvenient."

"Oh, it won't be. Transportation and what not are all very convenient."

I gently hinted, "I'm not used to sleeping alone."

Shu Nian gave out an "oh." He thought for a moment, then looked at me with affectionate eyes. "Then let's sleep together tonight."

Goose bumps quickly spread down my back to the soles of my feet.

Xie Yan immediately glared at me with a look of profound hatred as if someone had made off with his bride.

I was still reluctant to touch my luggage and only took out the necessities to avoid the trouble when the time came to run off. After the two men unpacked their luggage, they were already too tired to go out. And there wasn't a need to hold a grand welcome reception for family, so we ordered take-out for dinner.

I yawned while I was listening to Shu Nian talking to Xie Yan. "Let's go pick up Xiao Jia soon. I miss him."

"We'll go tomorrow. It's getting late. Get some rest first. There's no need to pick up Xiao Xi. You're too tired to look after him. Let's talk about this again once you get better."

I cut in, “Who are you talking about?”

“Our sons.”

I gaped.

Shu Nian laughed. “Xiao Jia is my adopted child. This year, he’s nine years old. Xiao Xi is his son. He’s six months old.”

“He’s also adopted?”

“No, he’s Xie Yan’s real son.”

I was startled. “Who gave birth to him?”

Xie Yan seemed reluctant to discuss it. He dryly said, “A woman.”

I realized that he must continue the Xia bloodline. Even if the one Xie Yan likes is a man, in the end, there must be someone to carry on the bloodline. Shu Nian’s status in the family really wasn’t secure. I started to question whether it was the right choice to come to him for help.

Watching that slender man’s submissive face, I suddenly slammed down my chopsticks in rage. “Xie Yan, you did what?!”

Xie Yan flushed with anger and said, “What did I do! I just gave out some sperm!”

“Oh, how generous. Xiao Nian, you should give some out one of these days too.”

Xie Yan was ready to snap. He thundered, “Drive the wedge deeper and you can talk to my fist!”

On the other hand, Shu Nian tried to make peace. “It’s nothing really. It’s just a surrogate mother, that’s all.”

“That’s all?” I couldn’t stand his saintly behavior. I shrugged and said, “As you wish. You guys are a match made in heaven alright.”

Dinner was eaten unhappily. Having washed up and returned to my room to sleep, I was aggravated that I strangely couldn’t keep a cool head. It was not like I was getting paid for nosing into someone else’s family affairs. What business was it of mine?

After lying down for a moment, I heard a knock on the door. I opened the door and saw Shu Nian standing there in his sleepwear, hugging a pillow.

“Did you have a fight?” *Why do I sound like I’m anticipating something?*

He was taken aback. “That’s not it. You can’t sleep by yourself, right? I’m here to accompany you.”

Stupid. I sulked.

I actually ended up sleeping on one bed with the man—the both of us lying side by side.

“About Xie Yan, he didn’t betray me. He only compromised.”

I scoffed.

Shu Nian continued to speak gently, “People shouldn’t be too greedy. It’s not like one can definitely have everything he wants. How can everything comply according to only one person’s wish?”

“...”

“If I only go by my way and he by his, nobody will ever get their way. It’s already a great concession for them to accept my existence. I should also give way.”

I yawned. “Then you won’t mind either if he gets married to a woman one day?”

He didn’t utter a word. A moment passed before he said, “To be with Xie Yan, I’ve thought of all these things, so saying something like “I’m not able to take it” is too cowardly.”

I could only feel my rage rise. Clenching my teeth, I said, “I can’t believe you. Is there anybody who’s easier than you?”

I had thought I had been naive enough myself. Ke Luo had outdone me. Who could have thought that this man would stoop to a new level of naivety. *Are the three of us in a competition for self-degradation?*

Shu Nian actually wasn’t angry. He continued looking at the ceiling and good-naturedly said, “If you want something, you must pay a price.”

I gave a sardonic smile. “That depends on what it is you get.”

“That’s alright. I’m fine with just a little. It’s better than having nothing.”

He seemed lukewarm and weak when in fact he’s very clear-headed. It’s just that our rules for the game were more than a million miles away from each other. They’re basically at two extreme ends of the earth.

Such a reserved man. He practically has to put himself down into the dirt in front of the person he adores. What is he going to do in the future?

I couldn’t help but reach out and angrily squeeze his cheek. He lightly cried out in surprise and seized my hand. After that, he just clutched it as so.

Both of us lying down together peacefully hand in hand.

“Brother.”

It was his first time calling me so. My mouth suddenly dried.

“Stay.”

“...”

“I will make a lot of things for you to eat.”

For my new life, I intended to dub it “Nothing to do with Ke Luo.”

I had originally planned to go sightseeing in S City for a period of time and then run off. Money wasn't an issue anyway. If Ke Luo dared to give me a blank check, I dared to fill it in. When there's a shortage of money, I could just write a large amount. I could live well for a few years without even working.

However, in the end, I stayed at their apartment for the time being. Shu Nian was really too spineless. I couldn't bear the sight of it. A member of the Lee family can't be this gutless—being kneaded, flattened, and twisted into a round ball, making us look bad in general. I needed to train him.

Shu Nian and I made an agreement. If I find them outside of their bedroom conducting PG-13 behavior, upsetting the feelings of a single old man like me, I'll move out immediately.

Because Shu Nian followed my words, the hatred of Xie family's young master, whose desire was unsatisfied, deepened.

After that day, I met little Shu Jia. He looked cute and smart, as well as very well-behaved. As soon as he met me, he shared half a piece of chocolate with me,

quickly winning my affection. There was also a little baby, Xie Xi Ran, soft and fair-skinned with eyes big and black. He giggled non-stop. He was actually much more lovable than his old man and gained my approval as well.

I had met the Xie parents before. After we exchanged pleasantries, I sat down with them face to face to talk as the elder brother from Shu Nian's side of the family.

Growing up in the Xie family as a playmate and study companion, Shu Nian was kind of like a servant—working for the Xie family in days to come and becoming young master Xie's underground lover. It looked like he would live as a part of the Xie family and would die a ghost of the Xie family. A married couple had a divorce agreement, which he couldn't even imagine ever having.

It's nothing when all is calm and everything seems to be in perfect harmony. But when a problem arises, he'd turn against him, leaving not a thing behind.

I have to know myself and know my enemy, and then make sure a certain useless guy will receive the greatest benefits, so as to prevent his reliance on me to nurse him at an old age after being abandoned in the future.

On the basis of my exceptional performance during the negotiation, after the talk, they became my boss and my boss's wife.

To have my share of the job as a transition wasn't that bad. I could get to know the Xie family a bit more and that's where my interest lies, even though I wasn't very happy to address Xie Yan as my superior.

My relationship with Xie Yan was neither good nor bad. Generally speaking, he could be labeled as a good man, but since he's my brother-in-law I had to be strict. All day long, we quarreled like two cocks fighting. The slightest disagreement and a full fight would break out. Every day it was very lively at home.

Shu Nian was initially frightened out of his wits, but gradually got accustomed to it. He knew exactly how much fire we packed for each fight like the back of his hands. As long as it didn't reach his limit, no matter how loudly we quarreled, he could still lie on the floor with Xiao Jia and focus on reading a storybook.

"Papa, what are daddy and uncle doing?"

Shu Nian reassured him, "That's their way of talking to each other."

"Why are they so loud?"

Shu Nian covered Xiao Jia's ears to censor some of our vulgar words, and then explained, "They need to do so to help digestion since they eat more for dinner."

On the weekend, I accompanied Shu Nian to the supermarket.

Living together for a period of time, I realized he was practically a full-time nanny. He lived more of an old married woman's life than the average married woman.

Every day he'd go to work and return home on time. Sometimes he'd pick up Xiao Jia from school himself. Upon returning home, he'd do an endless amount of housework—sweeping the house or making refreshments. Late at night, he'd be dragged by Xie Yan into their room to do some obscene things. An entire day would end like that.

He seemed to be rather happy, living a fulfilling life, but...what about the fun? Where's the fun? A week like this would turn me into a crazed beast.

I was almost dozing off just by walking in the supermarket for about five minutes. I listlessly watched Shu Nian place a bag of almonds into his basket and select crabs from the seafood department. I repeatedly yawned. It wasn't until he took a durian fruit that I woke up with a sneeze from the smell.

“Say, is it enjoyable living each day like this?”

He seemed very surprised by me asking him so. “Why, you think there’s something wrong with it?”

“I’ve never seen you go out and party with friends. Drink? Play cards? Wait, do you have friends?”

“I do. Like my colleagues at work....but there’s no reason to party... I can drink with Xie Yan. And don’t I have you now too?”

“Oh come on, you can’t rely on Xie Yan to live your life! You should live your own life beyond him.”

Shu Nian thought for a moment. “I don’t think I need to. It’s fine with just Xie Yan and me...”

My veins popped out, and I yelled, “I’m telling you, just having Xie Yan is not enough!”

“It-it’s enough...”

“Enough, my ass!”

“Xie Yan is very good to me.”

“Please stop saying that.” I couldn’t stand him. “I’ll pity you all the more hearing you speak like that.”

Shu Nian didn’t dare say anymore. We pushed the cart to the checkout line—a big pile of miscellaneous things. We carried all the bags to the parking lot. When we got in the car, he suddenly said, “When the elevator was down, it would be difficult for my legs, so he would carry me up the stairs on his back.”

I imagined the scene and counted the number of floors. *Mm-hm, that bad-tempered man's strength is better than I thought.*

I stubbornly said, "That's because you're too skinny. What's so hard about carrying a paper-thin man? Next time the elevator's down, let me carry you. I can do it running."

Shu Nian chuckled and grabbed my hand.

Hmph, this guy's really mushy.

During my temporary stay, Shu Nian bought several things for me. He was frugal for himself, but when he bought things for me, he hardly thought twice about it as if he owed me in my last life. And I bluntly accepted it all without question.

In fact, a lot of the clothes looked pretty stupid to me and not worth buying. His taste in fashion...

Actually, there wasn't any taste. I don't think his taste buds were working properly at all. Black was in last year. The British gentleman fashion was the year before last year's. This year, I wanted the romantic French style. *And what the hell is with that tie?*

Yet I would still go out wearing them. I consoled myself by saying that I'd already cultivated my body to the point that I'd be able to match with any clothing. *Matching is the key. Matching is the key.* No matter how bad the choice was, I could change something lame into something magical.

Since that guy looked on with eager eyes all day long, hurting his pride would seem very immoral. Besides, for the first time in many years, I received a gift from my own family. It felt a little...strange.

However when I discovered those wide, plaid pajama pants of his with a loosened elastic waist and that old, dull underwear among the clothes hung out to dry, I finally exploded.

“Hey! You’re thirty-three, not fifty-three! Why the hell are you dressing up like an old man?!”

Shu Nian panicked. “Oh...it’s pretty good though. It’s very comfortable...”

“You’re not sensitive to these things at all, are you? It screams ‘I’m straight’!”

He was the sharp, perceptive type. He should have been like those LA buddies of mine, discussing about maintaining himself and fashion, caring considerably about the shape of his own waist and hip, diligently working out, doing the moonwalk, twisting himself into a fried dough twist.

“At the very least, have some sexy underwear.”

“Eh...” He was somewhat helpless, slightly blushing. “I don’t know much about that sorta...”

“Are you really gay?”

It seemed like Xie Yan didn’t mind so long as he could easily take off those clothes, so he cut in from the side, “He isn’t necessarily gay. I’m the only man he loves.”

Shu Nian actually reacted with a happy expression to this kind of remark—a remark that deserved a smack.

I glared at him, “What do you usually do for fun?”

“Uh, read books, clean the house, cook...”

“You call cleaning fun?” I patted his shoulder with a lewd smile. “Go out with me this weekend. I’ll take you to a very interesting place, then you’ll know what real fun is.”

Xie Yan’s veins exploded. He threw down his magazine, looking like a livid cat with his back arched. “Not on my watch!”

He was almost driven mad from me urging his wife to go seek a good time all day long.

Shu Nian rushed to talk me out of it, “For-forgit it, I don’t need fun...”

Xie Yan and I glared at each other. I huffed back without a sign of weakness, “Don’t think that by having him cooped up in the house, deprived of socialization, you can rest easy without a sense of danger!”

Young master Xie Yan’s face flushed with an angry humiliation. “He loves me and listens to me. What’re you gonna do, huh?”

That’s right, young master Xie Yan’s just like an angry prickly porcupine; I couldn’t do anything to him. However...

“Hehehe.” I cupped Shu Nian’s face and slowly approached him with a lewd smile.

The air in the room gradually froze, and when I kissed him on the lips with a *chu*, it finally cracked.

“Ahhhhh, I’mma kill you!” Xie Yan went completely ballistic.

I strode off with triumph—*See if you dare cross me now.*

The next day, when I got up to eat breakfast, I discovered Shu Nian again with his usual bent back. I watched his legs slightly trembling as he walked. *Uh-huh,*

seems like last night was really intense.

As Shu Nian poured warm milk in four cups, he was disconcerted by my mischievous gaze.

“So, how many times did you do it?”

Startled, Shu Nian almost knocked over the cups.

“Was it comfortable or painful for that frail body of yours?”

Shu Nian instantly blushed up to his ears. Like a locomotive, steam seemed to almost blow out of his ears. *I think the answer is the former.*

“Was it all on the bed? Did you guys do it on the washer or maybe on the balcony?”

“N-no...”

“Don’t be so stingy. Look, I’ve been single for so long, do your brother a favor and share a little with me.”

The honest man hesitated before he mumbled, “On the chair...”

“That chair in the living room with the high arms?

Shu Nian couldn’t raise his head. “Yeah...”

Ohhh, very interesting. This really is what one calls a biting dog seldom barks. From now on, when I sit on that chair, I’m afraid I’ll think about lots things.

Nobody can cut into their affectionate love. I thought of Ke Luo’s one-sided love and felt a slight joy in his misfortune.

How nice. He might as well keep waiting in vain for a lifetime. Ah, the sunlight from outside the window is so nice.

As for myself, I won't think about it.

Comment: It seems like Lee is determined to move on this time. Oh gosh, Lee's interaction with his newly-attained family is so sweet and cute. XD

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15b](#)

15b

Love Late vol. 2 - ch15b

Translator: dairytea

Proofreaders: ayszhang, Gwen, Red



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

Happy Turkey Day! °+ ✦ `(^▽^)` ✦ +°

Chapter Fifteen

At night, I went to hang out at a bar. Even though there wasn't a club that I knew very well in S City, with my keen sense of smell, finding my pack wasn't hard.

The drinks at the bar were pretty good, and the people who came were passable.

So long as I didn't lock my sight on pretty, young men, it would be easy to find a couple of acceptable-looking ones to get it on.

I mean, I was handsome, fresh, talented, and didn't lack in money. I'm so manly

and charming—only a blind person would pass me up.

Tonight I had pretty good luck. In front of the bar, I had hit on and was hit on by a total of five, six people. But since I had no intention of spending the night with anybody, in the end, I only sat there alone with some new phone numbers. I figured I'd chat with the bartender.

"That hunk just now was hot. Why didn't you go with him?" The bartender was young, not very tall, and has a small face. His short hair was quite stylish, making him appear very cute.

"Sure, he's not bad, but there's not enough chemistry for the bed." I shook my head. "Kid, I'm not a loose man."

The kid was apparently very experienced. He scoffed, "You sure are pure as snow. You have someone you like?"

I chuckled.

My young friend's eyes immediately went wide. "So that someone must be even hotter than that man just now, right?"

"Of course, the person I like," I took a puff from my cigarette and my eyes narrowed in reminiscence, "is very handsome, young and talented with a clean record, rich, no bad habits, fun and interesting, good in the bedroom, good in the kitchen, considerate, hard-working, and lovestruck."

The kid listened with his mouth watering and his eyes fixed. "Damn, you're still hitting the bar when you got this awesome man?"

I gave a big laugh. "Unfortunately the object of his love isn't me."

He was taken aback. "Uh...shit, that's hard stuff."

I ordered another drink.

When I drank to the point of being tipsy and couldn't think straight, I thought of Ke Luo. With clear, dark, gentle eyes, he had said, "Sorry, I can't forget him."

Yeah, I understand...I can't forget you either.

Before I knew it, the weekends were coming up again. I didn't need to go to the supermarket at last. Instead, I basked under the sun with old man, Shu Nian, on the spacious balcony, listening to soft music.

Lying on the lounge chair I recalled the golden beaches during those hot, hot summer days. The fine sand, the water, and the buff men in swimwear. Sadly, all I could see was a matching pair of pajamas that were turn-offs, one [shota](#), and countless plants.

To amp up the mood, I changed the music, put on my sunglasses, and wore only beach shorts that make Xie Yan curse. I displayed my delicious body and asked Shu Nian to apply sunscreen lotion on me.

In the end, Shu Nian said that he saw something that he suspected was white hair on my head while he was rubbing. I was practically struck by lightning.

So the whole afternoon was spent on attentively examining my hair. I sifted through my hair while chatting with Shu Nian. In the end, I had gotten sleepy from basking under the sun and still received no real result from the sifting, yet the guy beside me had dozed off instead.

I helplessly sat up. Only half my body had sunscreen lotion. In addition, it wasn't even evenly applied. I could very well turn into a Dalmatian. I watched the sleeping man beside me. He looked like someone who scored on the lower half of the IQ curve even when he's sleeping.

Idiot. I carried him into the living room and put a blanket over him.

I couldn't put my finger on my feelings for him.

Sometimes I'd be very scornful and I'd think it would be nicer if he didn't exist, yet sometimes I'd feel at ease letting him brush my hair bit by bit.

That day, having my self-esteem suffer from the "theory of possible white hair," I made up my mind to seize the moment and enjoy the remaining best years of my life.

For no reason, I had wasted two weeks. I had made it a goal to live my life in wine and love, so I must race against time frivolously while my hair hasn't turned white yet.

This time, just as I had sat down at the bar, before I could finish a glass, my luck arrived.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

I glanced at what my luck has brought me.

"Call me Lu, Lu Yu."

I glanced at him again.

Pretty tall. Facial features, passable. It's a pity that his looks, vibe, how he holds himself, and even his name isn't my type. Sigh.

"Sorry," I gave him a polite nod, turned around, and walked off.

I had only taken a step when I collided into two large gorillas with bulging chest muscles. "You, brat, need to know how to appreciate!"

No way! Triads bring their bodyguards to gay bars too?

Alright then, I should have a chat out of courtesy. Maybe sparks will fly.

In the end, there weren't any sparks. Contrariwise, it almost burst into flames because we didn't share any interests, hobbies, outlook on life, or favorite foods. Not one actually hit the same mark. We almost fought. If it weren't for the two brawny bodyguards, I might have just punched him.

I realized I was wasting precious time and [spread out my hands](#), ready to go elsewhere. Lu Yu, reluctant to let go, asked, "What's your number?"

I randomly said one.

He actually dialed the number right front of me. He placed the phone by his ear, listened, and even said, "No dial tone. You lied to me."

I gaped at him.

I'd seen people who were tactless, but never had I seen someone be that tactless.

"You need to know how to appreciate!" two robust men roared in unison.

Fine, fine, it's me who doesn't appreciate. I'm just not a triad boss, and my muscles aren't as big. Admitting my defeat, I gave my number to break free, and then proceeded to set out on my trek to find romance.

Who knew that the triad boss would start calling every few days: asking me out to play cards, eat hotpot, watch a strip show, watch live shootings, etc. Everything you can think of. After he heard that I had stayed in the United States for some time, as soon as he called me, he would start to bark out in broken English, saying he wanted to practice speaking English.

I won't be giving free education. No pay, no work. This is a matter of principle.
It's the same even if I was intimidated by his beefy bodyguards. And so there was an extra rather good income.

Thus the days passed. While I went through the motions with [Bass](#), I continued to agonizingly wait for the encounter with a hottie. But with such a downright fierce, big man with me all the time, no one dared to hit on me again.

For a period of time, there were no visitors at my door, and I had no idea what was going on in the market.

Plus the fact was I couldn't drive away this god of plague who was hindering my luck with love. He couldn't seem to understand the meaning of the word, "rejection," nor could he feel the blow of me slamming the phone and cursing him. What's more, as soon as I felt like flipping the table in rage and exposing my violent tendencies, black, bottomless gun muzzles whooshed out, aimed for my head, sigh.

Luckily the boss himself was more lenient. So long as I didn't show any intent to attack, his bodyguards wouldn't fire their guns. And at least I can curse him out.

This kind of "passionate" dating had been dragging on for almost a month when he actually showed up at my door. I had no idea how that Bass tracked me to where I was living.

If I could hide, I'd hide, pretending no one's home.

However, first of all, Shu Nian liked having people over. Second of all, I was also afraid that those two bodyguards would draw out their guns again and just "bang, bang," two holes into the door. If so, repairs would need to be done afterwards. So without a choice, I could only let him in.

Luckily, when boss Bass dropped by for a visit, he actually did his best to put out

the face of a good citizen. He actually brought a gift on his second visit after he had discovered Xiao Jia's existence. With a frightening smile, he went to coax the child. Fortunately, Xiao Jia's nerves are tougher than mine.

It should also be noted that, only after I moved into Shu Nian's home, had I discovered that Ke Luo would regularly call once a week to chat with Shu Nian about bits and pieces of domestic life, like how the weather's been lately. Every minute detail was reported.

I listened nearby to the chattering that oozed with an old-people feel to the point of annoyance. Xie Yan, to my surprise, was quite bighearted. He didn't mind it.

But as for me, I was very unyielding. Despite having a definite feel that Ke Luo would call on Fridays between seven and eight at night, I would never go pick up the phone. Even if Shu Nian asked me, "Is there anything you want to say to Xiao Luo?" I would firmly, without a doubt, shake my head.

The only thing was that the length of their talk time had just a bit, slight effect on my mood that evening.

It's difficult to describe that sort of feeling, so I called Lin Jing to delve into it.

Lin Jing said, "You feel like your heart's being cut out?"

Bullshit, it's not that extreme. It's only a slight dull pain.

Once when we were honored by Bass's presence, as Shu Nian and Ke Luo were talking on the phone, there was [a loud, noisy voice](#) in their background.

Facing the TV with an utterly wretched face and munching on popcorn, I listened through one ear to the big man talk about some recent, big business as he flung about, while I listened through the other to Shu Nian talk on the phone.

“Yeah, he’s my brother’s friend...uh-huh, right, and it’s going pretty well...yeah, it was very quick. He’s always been able to make friends fast. He’s likable....yeah, he’s become his English teacher too...uh-huh...he has a lot of friends...”

I munched on the popcorn as I thought, *Shu Nian, this guy, really doesn’t get it. He should at least tell Ke Luo that I now have an admirer who’s after me and reluctant to let go, so that the brat knows I’m not a man no one wants and that passing me up is his greatest loss.*

I was thinking about it when, just as I turned my head, I saw Lu Yu widen his smile at me, exposing half of his teeth.

Sigh, forget it. If I want to provoke Ke Luo, I should find one that seems like the type I’d go for.

It wasn’t until after the big man took his leave that Xie Yan said to Shu Nian, “Don’t be fooled. That man is clearly involved in triads. Lee, don’t tell me you’re being hunted down for debt? We won’t help you pay back if it’s over ten million.”

Shu Nian actually seemed to have a good impression of Lu Yu and said, “How’s it possible? I think he’s a good man. Regardless of what he does, as long as you get along well, you can be friends.”

Xie Yan embraced his beloved wife, Shu Nian, and looked at me, this brother-in-law, as he reveled in my misfortune, “Friends? It’s more like hostage to me. Be careful of being kidnapped. We won’t help pay the ransom.”

After a few days, I couldn’t keep putting off big boss Bass’s invite anymore. Along with the silent intimidation from the two huge men behind him, I agreed to meet him in the evening at a bar.

Unexpectedly, just as I walked in, I heard someone shout, “Don’t move!” And then I was tackled. In one swift movement, I was covered by a black blindfold.

Shit, no way! What did I do?! Don't tell me Xie Yan's jinx hit the mark! Am I going to be silenced?

I trembled with fear as I was shoved forward for a while. When I finally came to a stop, my blindfold was pulled off in the eerie silence. *The hell is this red shit?!* A massive bouquet of roses was presented before my eyes. I nearly fainted from the scent.

“Like it?” the triad boss asked cheerfully.

My veins popped up.

If a normal person was giving a “nice surprise,” shouldn’t he have the other person “close” his eyes?

He actually just blindfolded me!

And if he’s going to set off fireworks afterwards, was he just going to fire away his machine gun?

“If you like everything I do for you, then be mine!”

“...”

The triad boss didn’t sense the emotions churning behind my rigid face and still waited for my reaction with a card up his sleeve.

I coughed and swallowed, intending to handle him like I’d done with the hopelessly clingy people in the past—bluntly asking him to scram and go find a mirror to look at himself.

But when I worked myself up to start cursing him, I suddenly saw him overjoyed as if he was claiming an award with a look of expectation.

I looked at him and for that split second it was as if I saw myself.

Perhaps I was to Ke Luo just as this Bass was to me.

Like Ke Luo, I was unrelenting. People seem to be accustomed to being ruthless toward those who love them: indifferent toward those who tread through fire for them and treading through fire for those who are indifferent toward them.

In the past, I would only hurt the feelings of others. I never knew how it felt to be broken-hearted. My entire life I'd always had someone wait for me.

And now, I was eventually the one to wait for someone.

Having gone through it, when I thought about it, I felt that maybe I should treat those who love me better, even if it's only a teeny bit.

I breathed in and patted his shoulder. "Thank you for the offer, but I'm sorry. I don't suit you."

After a stunned silence, the triad boss furiously roared, "What did you say?!"

"Nothing can be done about me not liking you. Isn't it more insincere to keep you hanging?"

"..."

"You should know that I don't have the slightest feeling for you. As lovers, there'll be a day when one of us will be driven mad. Let's be friends. If not, that's okay too."

After a moment, big boss Bass actually cried. A big muscular man was crying. This scene was a little unbearable for me.

But if it was Ke Luo treating me like that instead, I might have been that heart-broken. What stance did I have to mock him?

After a long while, he sobbed and said, “Then I won’t be friends with you.”

“Alright, in that case I’ll return you the money you gave.”

“Why?”

“We’ll have nothing do with each other from now on. I won’t practice English with you, so I should return you the money.”

Big boss Bass thought about it with reddened eyes. “Then we had better be friends.”

The man had so many faults, but he had one merit, and that was he treated me very sincerely. Because of this, I shouldn’t ridicule him without a care.

I consoled him, “Oh, there are plenty more fish in the sea! To be honest, I actually have a lot of shortcomings: I’m fickle in love, I have a bad mouth, and my intentions aren’t good. I spend money extravagantly; what’s more, I live a very promiscuous life, so maybe I have some kind of disease too. I’m not young either; I’m almost forty! You didn’t know, right? At home, I would even use masks. Shocking, right?”

“Really?”

“Really.”

I hugged him, then patted his back. “I should still return you the money, but you can come to me to practice English. I don’t charge friends.”

After that I lit a cigarette and lit one for him. I patiently sat with him until he stopped crying.

During so many years of my past, I was proud and arrogant. I had never been so nice and courteous toward a nobody, who I paid no attention to. It was probably because, at the time, I didn't know that I played the supporting role as well.

From T City to S City, Ke Luo wasn't completely cut off from my life. He and Shu Nian's interwoven relationship aside, even if it's only to discuss business affairs, Lu Feng had business relations with the Xie family, so it's hard for the two of us to avoid bumping into each other.

And I was still staying in S City, not on an island in some corner of the earth, hunting and catching fishes. I happened to be able to prove to everyone that I didn't leave T City to run off with my tail between my legs in defeat because I was rejected. Rather it was that I lost interest, and so, with a gracious poise, I had brushed the dirt off my shoulders and left.

"Hey, Lee, Ke Luo and the others are already here. Hurry and tidy up. Go with me to the contract signing."

Lying on the office sofa, I grimaced at my brother-in-law. "I have a stomachache. I can't go anymore. Ask someone else to go in my place."

Because of Shu Nian, Xie Yan couldn't force me to work. He had no choice but to crossly say, "Fucker, you also said that last month. Don't tell me you have that monthly?"

Trying to avoid seeing Ke Luo was not cowardly at all. I just needed time to adjust: to restore and reinforce my defense shield.

I thought of how thick-skinned I had been, how good I was at finding pleasure, teaching young, pretty men. It had only been a couple years, and somehow I had turned into an old man who exudes the air of being down-and-out, wilted, and

impoverished.

This was obviously the outcome of some kind of virus invasion going too far. I had to wait until I'd trained myself to the point of being able to exterminate the *Ke* virus completely, then look for him to compete.

Maybe in ten years it'll come to a full circle and it would be my turn to give him the cold shoulder. I'd discard him like a pair of old shoes, and he'd run after me, crying and begging me to hold him. The so-called [pendulum that swings back](#).

Anyway, until I've successfully trained myself, I won't have anything to do with Ke Luo.

Comment: Oh gosh, Lee and that white hair! XD Hm, and I kinda like Bass =//u//= , but he can't take the place of Ke Luo in Lee's heart~~~

[Chapter 15a](#)

[Chapter 16a](#)

16a

Love Late vol. 2 - ch16a

Translator: dairytea

Proofreaders: ayszhang, Red, Gwen, Mion, & LSL



[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

Oh gosh, I made it in time...whew.

And Merry Christmas to all! ☆°·*:.。:(°▽°)°·*:.☆

Chapter Sixteen

Gradually, I made some new friends again in S. City. Everybody shared the same rotten taste. We were men of debauchery and quickly became close without a worry about lacking something to kill the time. But I was still fond of the past.

From time to time, I'd think of Lin Jing.

I thought about him so much that one morning when I was sleeping on the sofa, I saw Lin Jing's evil grin in my dream.

What kinda dream is this?! Why is he grinning like that? So ugly.

I was about to turn over and drive away that face when the entire face suddenly magnified before my eyes and shouted, "Surprise!"

Abruptly, I woke up with a start. *Shit, this face is actually real.*

I immediately squeezed his cheeks hard and pulled them. "How come you're here?"

"Hehehehehe..." This guy was laughing like a maniac.

"We're here to shoot an ad. Don't you remember? It was originally set for next week. Now that work has been shifted ahead of time, we've come earlier to see you. Aren't you happy?"

I woke up only after I had thought about it.

Lu Feng and the Zhuo family had been as incompatible as fire and water. In recent years, they finally shook hands in cooperation. Eternal friends didn't exist in the business world, much less eternal enemies. Besides, Zhuo Wen Yang was Cheng Yi Chen's son.

The joint venture between the two families in S. City's real estate investment

was already steadily steering onto the right track. The shareholders were all young, handsome men who had the class and the look. This time they were going to use their own people to shoot a photo ad. It was both convincing and lethal.

I looked at my watch. “You’ll be starting work, right? Then hurry up and get the job done. I’ll sleep some more, and I’ll take you out tonight when you’re done.”

Lin Jing grabbed my collar and dragged me off the sofa, shrieking, “This is my first ad shoot ever! Don’t tell me you have no intention of coming to support me?!”

“Oh dear, I’m old. I don’t have as much vigor as you young people. I’ll pick you up when your shooting’s over. Be good.”

“You’ll be such a party-pooper if you don’t come. Where’s your conscience, huh? Where is it?” Lin Jing asked as he felt all over my chest. I waved him off. “Get off, get off. It’s not like I have any milk for you to drink!”

“Waaaah...”

“Oh, give me a break.”

“I can’t believe I still considered you an important friend, wanting to share everything with you, wishing that you’d be present at every important event of my life...”

I knew he was talking shit, but my heart melted from listening to him. This guy, if he so wished, could be very likable.

“Okay, alright. I’ll take you there. But I won’t watch the shooting. That way you won’t get nervous. I’ll wait for you outside.”

I took Lin Jing out to eat, fed him until he was full, and taught him the Method of Belly-hiding. I then took him to the ad company. Zhuo Wen Yang and Ke Luo were already trying on their outfits. Lin Jing was late. As soon as he arrived, he was rushed to change.

I stood outside of the workroom and chatted with the staff members, entertaining myself like a fish back in water.

After a moment, I heard Lin Jing shout out, “Lee, Lee, come in quick and bathe in the glory that is me.”

“...”

“It’ll be a pity if you don’t look! You won’t want to miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity...” That guy simply started hollering.

Helpless, I had no choice but to stick my head in.

Ke Luo was just turning his head toward the doorway to look. It was too late to evade him. Our eyes locked, and at that moment it was as if I was—*bang-bang*—shot twice in the chest, the feeling of my heart exploding.

It had been a while, yet he hadn’t changed at all with eyes so bright.

Looking face to face for those few seconds, Ke Luo smiled his radiant smile,

flashing his fine, white teeth. “Lee.”

I also smiled and gave him a simple greeting. I then walked to Lin Jing, seeing him proud like a small peacock showing off its feathers, and raised my hands to fix his collar.

Ke Luo continued to smile, watching us for a moment, then lowered his head and adjusted his own clothes as well.

After Lin Jing was done gloating, he looked Ke Luo up and down and said, “Ah, I still think Ke Luo is better-looking than me.”

I pinched his cheeks and doted on him, “No way.”

“He’s very handsome, look.”

I turned my head to look as Ke Luo, who was holding the hem of his shirt, looked toward me as well.

My eyes swept over him. I turned back around and gossiped with Lin Jing in a low voice, “He’s alright. He lacks a bit in class. There’s no help for it.”

“Eh? La-lack in class? Didn’t you admire him before?”

“Pretty young men have a shelf life.” I shook my head. “He’s long since expired.”

Lin Jing was shocked. ‘‘Damn! It’s only been how long?! He can’t have expired that fast. I still want to at least be a handsome guy for ten—twenty more years!’’

‘‘It’s different with you. Even in your thirties and forties, you won’t look old. Some people look old when they’re young, looking like they’re thirty at twenty. Not youthful for long.’’

‘‘But men don’t have to be youthful. Mature men are handsome too.’’

‘‘When it comes to mature men, it would have to be Zhou Wen Yang. Among young people, he’s most reliable when handling matters. He’s also pretty.’’

The corner of Lin Jing’s mouth twitched. ‘‘Don’t tell me you’ve taken a liking to him. Let me tell you: don’t mess with him if you don’t want trouble. He’s straight and his temper is bad. In fact, I think Ke Luo is way better than him. He’s handsome and caring...’’

I lewdly smiled. ‘‘Straight men are more enticing. I like them very much. Besides, I think Ke Luo is plain. He’s not clever, he drags when he handles matters, and what’s more, he has no skills to be said. When it comes down to it, he’s just a box of pizza.’’

Lin Jing straightened his face at once and lowered his voice, slightly aiming to refute me, ‘‘Don’t you talk nonsense! Ke Luo isn’t that type of man. He’s very cautious. Not the slightest bit easy to pick up!’’

‘‘What a good friend, but I’m not referring to that,’’ I said, laughing, ‘‘What I mean is he’s nice and neat on the outside, looking delicious and sweet-smelling.

But when you really eat him, you'll know he's just something that fills your stomach. The more you eat, the less interested you are."

Lin Jing wasn't all too happy and wanted to say more, but the photographer rushed him, so our quiet gossip ended there.

Ke Luo didn't seem to have heard us. He just had his head lowered as he dealt with that rebellious button. I could see his long, motionless eyelashes.

When he lifted his head and saw me with his usual raven-black, young beast-like eyes, he still politely smiled.

I walked to the side to sit down and watch them start working.

I'm so immature. As if doing this would make me look victorious. Even though he didn't love me, he at least had the courtesy to respect me as an elder. I, on the other hand, who insulted him and bad-mouthing him because I couldn't get him, was shameless.

I just had no idea why I felt a bit sad while being shameless.

When the three men stood together, whatever sadness I had flew off. I almost spurted out blood. Before my nasal blood vessels ruptured, I hastily pinched my nose.

They were clearly fully dressed, buttoned up to their chins, not even the skin on their necks was exposed. Unfortunately, I had no idea why my head was filled with GV^[1] titles like "The Enticement of Three Male Beauties" and "Two

Gays and One Straight Man.”

What is this?! Three beautiful men there—each with their own distinct style—messing with the perverted minds of us lonely old men.

Seeing Ke Luo with his neatly-buttoned shirt and the way he pressed his lips, I felt my blood pressure gradually rise up. I just about fainted.

Sure enough, I was hungry and thirsty for far too long. The more covered up they were, the more attractive they seemed.

In my mind, I cursed myself as a vulgar, perverted, obscene middle-aged man, yet my line of sight seemed to be strongly stuck there. I couldn’t pull away.

The shooting came to an end. It was the half-time break, and the staff members brought refreshments for everyone. Ke Luo unbuttoned his collar a little. Probably sensing my staring eyes, he wavered a little and looked down at himself.

I looked at the slightly prominent bone of his eyebrow from the side. He was very handsome, but was still a kid who lacked self-confidence.

He suddenly turned toward me, pulling the hem of his shirt. “Is anything wrong with it?”

“Oh, not at all. It’s very good.” I immediately put up an act of casually sweeping my eyes over him, then shifted my gaze to Zhuo Wen Yang.

“Lee?”

Why do I feel a bit dizzy? The room is so damn stuffy and hot.

“Y-you’re bleeding.”

I touched two wet trails under my nose.

I actually spurted blood from my nose in front of so many watching eyes. I had no time to tend to everyone’s dumbstruck gaze. Zhuo Wen Yang’s face slightly reddened with a frown and he hurriedly took out his handkerchief to block it.

I was helped by Ke Luo into my seat. Lifting my head up with my nose to the sky, I didn’t forget to explain, “It’s because the weather is too hot! The weather!”

Ke Luo said, “I know,” as he let my head rest on the back of the chair. He then asked, “Would you like some water?”

I felt his ice-cold fingers and, for a moment, I didn’t dare to look at his lowered, inquiring face. I could only give a vague reply and close my eyes.

I stared at the ceiling for a while and gradually the blood stopped flowing. I dropped my neck which was sore from facing upward. Everyone watched me with an expression of wanting to laugh. Furthermore, Lin Jing was disappointed as he had the three bold words “**GOOD FOR NOTHING**” written on his face. I felt a myriad of remorse inside, yet all I could do was act as if nothing had happened. I started to eat and drink with grace.

The refreshments tasted pretty good. Only Ke Luo didn’t eat. He sat on one

side and continued to fiddle with his clothes, as if he was at war with those buttons today.

The rather young and talented cameraman slightly stood up, then took two refreshments and a cup of water and walked over. My ears pricked up at once. With the intuition from being the same kind, just by simply watching him look at Ke Luo with those eyes, I sensed that we had similar interests.

“You worked hard. It seems like we’ll shoot until late into the night. Want to go get something to eat tonight?”

Ke Luo nodded and smiled as he said, “Yeah, everyone’s worked hard. It’ll be my treat.”

“I meant just the two of us.”

This time even Ke Luo understood. After a brief silence, my alert ears heard Ke Luo’s quiet but firm voice, “I’m sorry, but I already have someone I like.”

Damn it, he just kills with one move. How many had died needlessly by those words?

The cameraman sure enough walked off, not the least bit reluctant. I looked over Ke Luo from one side, secretly finding fault.

He was pretty, but didn’t care to dress up. The conditions were good, yet, in the arena of love, his methods were actually incredibly poor. He didn’t know how to give a sweet speech and honeyed words. He was inconsiderate.

As soon as someone who's interested walked up to him, he would say, "I have someone I like. I won't have a change of heart." He fully inherited his old man's stubbornness.

In fact, so long as he was willing to say something a bit more pleasant to hear, with his charm, no matter how many boats he steps on^[2], there will always be someone who's willing to take the bait. But he didn't even know how to deceive people at all.

Only an idiot or a Romeo would continue to run after him. *Serves him right that he's going to be alone all his life.*

I looked at him with his head slightly tilted. Lin Jing was still making a ruckus with the staff members. Zhuo Wen Yang stood nearby with an indifferent look.

In fact, the trio among the dazzling lights didn't seem to have a perfect childhood and teenage years. However Lin Jing had been surrounded by numerous admirers since he was small, Zhuo Wen Yang probably didn't fall short of receiving affections either, and Ke Luo, the youngest, lacked everything.

Comparing myself to him, there wasn't an excessive sense of inferiority. Young people had their own advantage, and I had my experience. He wasn't perfect, and he also had so many faults.

When Ke Luo lifted his head and met my eyes, he slightly hesitated a moment, then smiled at me.

Uh-huh, he has oh-so many faults. It's just that I seemed to like all those

faults of his.

[\[1\]](#) GV is an acronym for *gay video*.

[\[2\]](#) This refers to the Chinese saying ‘To have one’s feet in two boats.’ It can refer to a person who is already going out with someone but is seeing someone else at the same time. It’s similar to the English saying, ‘To have a foot in both camps.’

Comment: Ke Luo finally shows up! Lol. It seems like he's trying to be a good little sheep in front of Lee. And Lee is taking none of that...though his body says otherwise. XD

[Chapter 15b](#)

[Chapter 16b](#)

16b

Love Late vol. 2 - ch16b

Translator: dairytea Proofreaders: ayszhang, Red, Gwen, Mion, LSL, Art_emis,



krabbykabbi, Luzo

[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

Ohohoh~ **NSFW warning!**

Chapter Sixteen

The next day, Shu Nian and his husband wanted to hold a welcoming dinner for the three. I had to act like a gentleman, so I couldn't even back out from the invite to the dinner party. Once their outdoor shooting was done, I personally took them back and dropped the three young'uns off at Xie Yan's spacious apartment to play.

“Lee, let's play ball~ We happen to have six people. We can have a match between teams of three!”

Lin Jing got a basketball from Shu Nian. From the looks of it, it was probably something from Xie Yan's younger days. Kudos to him for preserving it so well.

“Spare these old bones of mine.”

“Even Shu Nian has agreed to play. Stop playing frail.”

My brother was actually urging me too, “Let’s go. We don’t usually get the chance to exercise. There’s a basketball court downstairs.”

Damn it, Shu Nian is captured already. Lin Jing really is likable. Who am I to blame that he has a face that people can’t help but smile at?

My fists were unable to withstand the pull of four hands, so I had no choice but to join. The basketball match had three players on each team. Shu Nian and Xie Yan were sure to be a team; otherwise Shu Nian would only be an extra player. They and Ke Luo formed a team. As for me, I embraced with my left and held with my right two beauties.

What gave me the chills was that Zhuo Wen Yang was quiet with a deadpan face even when he played basketball. His skills weren’t that much better than Shu Nian’s. Luckily, Lin Jing was a fierce combatant, so much that he could match Xie Yan. And just like before in LA, I was Ke Luo’s check.

I was already familiar with all of his steal techniques and dribbling strategies. Therefore, even though I couldn’t rival him in stamina, I wouldn’t lose to him.

With two teams of amateurs playing basketball, the scores were fairly even. When time was almost up, the scores on both sides were at a dead tie. At last, I stole the ball from them, but Ke Luo was relentless with his defense. Know thyself, know thy enemy. Naturally, I wouldn’t let him succeed so easily. I quickly passed it to Lin Jing who was hollering, yet that guy was unable to get away from Xie Yan who had him checked really well. He yelped and threw it back to me like a hot potato.

As I scrambled with Ke Luo to snatch the ball, we were a bit too close. I would have succeeded, but for a split second I almost brushed against his nose. I actually zoned out—frozen on the spot—for that emanating charm and

hormones.

Ke Luo took the ball in a flash, and then, with a proper posture, he made a three-point shot.

Xie Yan and Zhou Wen Yang looked at me with darkened faces. Even Ke Luo, who had come back to himself after scoring, was somewhat at a loss. Only Lin Jing burst out in laughter.

That laughter from Lin Jing put me on the spot. I immediately straightened my face and said, “What’re you laughing at? You couldn’t have made a better steal. That’s what you call intimidation, intimidation! You haven’t experienced it before. Try going up against Ke Luo and you’ll know. I guarantee you’ll be shocked just the same!”

Yet Lin Jing, the damn guy, up until dinnertime, kept raising his hands upon seeing Ke Luo, as if he was too dazzling for his eyes, and shouted, “Uwah, it’s intimidation!”

I can’t stand this anymore!

I truly didn’t have the face to live through it. It was as if I was sitting on pins and needles. Tonight of all nights, not a single phone call came to my rescue.

With no way out, I was forced to find a chance to send a text to my buddies under the table. As soon as they called, I immediately answered, putting on an act with a “Hello?” and then acting surprised, “Oh, really? I’ll be right there!”

Shu Nian asked with concern, “What happened?”

“My friend is hurt! He needs me to go check on him.”

After a moment of silence, Lin Jing said, “You sure sound cheerful when your friend is hurt...”

I gave a cough. "Alright. In fact, a friend asked me to go have fun at a nightclub. You all know, that kind of need is like eating and sleeping. It's an essential of life. You'll have to excuse me for leaving first."

Lin Jing happily exclaimed, "That's right! All too true. I've restrained myself for so long, I've almost reverted back to being a virgin. I want to go too!"

The couple and Zhuo Wen Yang naturally wouldn't want to go. Ke Luo was somewhat embarrassed as well. As a result, I had no choice but to let Lin Jing tag along.

After cruising through several places, it all seemed very boring to me. Faceless drinkers with bland words weren't stirring up my blood. Clearly my frail nose spurted blood yesterday, and now when I wanted to have some fun, the sensual system in my body seemed to have shut down.

At each club, I would drink a glass, and then drag Lin Jing along to pay the bill. Lin Jing asked, "You can't be taking the census of the gay bars in S city, right?"

Gradually my patience with drinking and flirting faded. I wanted just straight-out sex so much that I didn't want the usual one-on-one.

When we entered the final bar, the muscular men on stage had reached the climax of the strip tease performance. Their briefs were stuffed full of paper bills, and a buzz of excitement ran through the crowd offstage. The lighting was dimmed with secrecy. It couldn't be any clearer what those people were doing in the dark.

Lin Jing looked around, ordered a drink, and said, "I don't think I'd want to make out with drunkards and drug users."

But that was what I wanted tonight.

Someone brushed past me, glanced at me, and signaled me. When I drew out my wallet, Lin Jing looked at me with widened eyes. “Hey, no way!”

Smiling, I paid the money and took a small bag of pills. “There’s no harm taking some every once in a while.”

It wasn’t something that I’d get addicted to. As long as I kept a good control of myself and not overdo it, it’s unlikely there would be any harm from it. And I was the type who knew when to stop.

You only have one life to live, so you have to keep pursuing pleasure. To be so stiff and proper just wasn’t me.

What's more, if I don't take them, how am I supposed to get high tonight?

The atmosphere on the dance floor was fervent. I was attracted by the increasing excitement of the decadent air. I moved closer to merge with the crowd.

There’s a risk to sex parties, but they gave extreme satisfaction. And I wouldn’t forget to use a condom.

Lin Jing grabbed my arm. “Hey, you’re not actually thinking about being that loose?”

Why is this guy suddenly so upright? It's not as if we both haven't played this before. I laughed and patted his face. “I’m going. Go back to the hotel early. Little kids shouldn’t play with adults.”

I took the drug with my drink and, as expected, I quickly felt high: vivid colors before me, my body feverish. I knew the drug had started to take effect as my mood brightened.

Lin Jing was still pulling me. I turned to look at him. Suddenly I thought he looked

cute. Leaning toward him, I embraced and kissed him.

After a moment of kissing, Lin Jing cheerfully said, “Are you throwing yourself into my arms?” Then he said, “Not good, a rabbit doesn’t eat the grass by its own burrow. I’ll be beaten up. Hold on...”

My screaming blood was stirring restlessly through my entire body. Annoyed from his long-winded chattering, I released him and turned to kiss someone else close by.

As I was in blind passion with a stranger, I faintly heard Lin Jing holler, “Lee’s gone crazy! Hurry and come help me drag him back! We’re now at...”

In the end, I had no idea who was pushing who against the sofa, caressing and kissing, yet I was held from behind by someone and pulled off.

It’s quite common to be interrupted when in high spirits. At times like this, there aren’t any fixed sex partners. You can switch when you run across someone better, and there are plenty who want to join in midway.

I turned around, wrapped my arms around that person and pulled him over, kissing him heavily.

The man struggled for a while as I restrained him tighter. I probed into his mouth with my tongue, and I groped under his clothes.

It was an indescribably wonderful feeling. Skin, waistline, the touch of the lips. Everything about this person was exactly what I craved, even his scent.

My entire being was stimulated. I plundered and teased him with kisses. I forced myself between his legs, rubbing and pushing against him as one hand reached down to unzip his pants.

The man’s strength was extraordinary. He could actually struggle free under this

kind of circumstance. Normally I should have switched to someone else and continue my pleasure. There were sex partners all over the place anyway. Yet, this man made it impossible for me to give up. I wrapped around his waist, wanting to forcefully push myself onto him.

Amidst the chaos, one more hand came out to handle me, determined to tear me away from that man's body. *Is this asking for a threesome? That's exactly what I've been looking for.*

My ears were still buzzing as I was carried out of the bar. Whatever I heard seemed to be separated by a wall. The light outside the bar was bright. I suddenly realized that Lin Jing was one of the two people, and the other was...

The lucid thought flashed through my mind.

But I was rational and clear-headed only for that one split second. As soon as I sat in the car and sensed that the man who I had been attracted to was beside me, I threw myself at him.

When I forcefully muffled his mouth, kissing him, I heard in my buzzing ears someone say, "Wow, you have got to be kidding me, to be in heat like this. Just be a gentleman and bear with it."

During the entire drive, I was in the back seat twisting and turning. I'd kissed, bitten, groped, and pulled his clothes into disarray, and still the man wouldn't let me have my way yet.

After getting out of the car, topsy-turvy, my head was filled with nothing but sex. I seized the chance to pounce on the man with the alluring scent and tried to arouse him.

The other man kept pulling me off him to stop my attempt and yelled, "Hey, Lee, control yourself. There's a camera in the elevator..."

I finally entered the room. As soon as the door closed, there was only the two of us. All of a sudden, I unleashed the beast inside me and pushed the man against the wall.

The kissing and caressing became more wantonly. His shirt was torn off by me and his pants were finally stripped off.

I was already unbearably excited before anything substantial was done. My weak nasal cavity couldn't hold it much longer. I pushed harder against him, fervently kissing him as I took off my clothes. Entangled, I stroked him and tried to force myself between his legs.

I could feel his beating heart quicken through our closely-pressed chests. When he struggled, the short gasps and groans made it even more so as if I was hit with another shot of stimulant. I embraced him tightly, intensely kissing him while eagerly yanking down his briefs.

At last, [the arrow was nocked on the bowstring](#). I was already excited to the point that my throat was parched. I kissed all over his neck, nibbling and biting. Our cocks rubbed against each other as our bodies were about to burst into flames.

In the frenzy, he began reciprocating. We intertwined with lingering kisses as we caressed each other. My hand roamed all over his body from his chest down to his thigh. I nearly lost myself in the sensation.

My hands moved behind him and slid down to his buttocks, probing between his legs. I became increasingly impatient as I was just one short of a final push.

At this time, I managed to remember safety. In-between kisses I breathlessly said, "Condom..."

We parted slightly. He went to pull out my case of Durex from the clothes on the floor and, as I wanted, tore one open.

But he put it on himself.

A glimmer of rationality flashed through my mind once more, but it quickly submerged into thick kisses. We passionately rubbed against each other, kissing to the point that my lips painfully swell.

With my guard down completely, I felt my rear being filled and hot as it was slowly being penetrated by something hard.

For a split second, there was some pain and reluctance, but when my desire rose, I could care less for who was on top and who was at the bottom. What I wanted was to have some good sex.

Our overlapping bodies moved rhythmically a number of times against the door. Any hesitation I had was pushed down by pleasure as I gasped with bliss. His arms looped under my knees and lifted me up. Next thing I could remember was the feverish ramming and writhing. I was forcefully penetrated as I fiercely catered to him at the same time, causing lewd sounds to emit from the door.

But this was still far from enough. After that, we walked as we crazily made love, knocking over a ton of things.

I was vaguely aware that I was lying on the table as I let him do it standing. The next time I was clear-headed was when I was on the sofa, straddling on his waist, writhing and panting. I think we also did it once on some random glass door, dripping with sweat.

When we finally got to the bed, I was still aroused: the impact of both the drug and the intense sex. I couldn't catch my breath. Bright colors flickered before my eyes. My heart pounded to the utmost limit, as if it would stop beating the next second. A suffocating, lethal climax.

"Lee?"

“...” I felt dizzy, yet I was still relishing the jerking pleasure right to the heart brought by the rhythmic movement.

“Lee, are you okay?” As I was kissed, I vaguely heard him ask me in a low, ragged voice.

I'm probably going to die.

But that was fine. It's good dying on the bed like this. There's no flavor in living my days away from him anyway. I was well-off and laid-back in front of others, but at night, when the lights turned off, my heart felt empty.

Now it's so wonderful like this, dying from bliss! It's really my style. It was worth living until now for this.

As I wanted, I continued to enjoy a bit more of the world-shattering, great sex. And after that, while I was straining to kiss, I slipped into unconsciousness.

Comment: Oh gosh, Lee is so cute. >/u//< A-and who is this mystery guy???
<u<

Cold Sands release is tomorrow. See you all then!

[Chapter 16a](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

Love Late vol. 2 - ch17

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[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

And the mystery man is !!!

Chapter Seventeen

Someone was calling my name. It seemed to come from afar in my dream, blowing over like the wind. And then I suddenly woke up. The senses I had lost came back in a flash. Immediately, I felt a splitting headache and a splitting pain from my ass.

Fuck.

“Lee.”

I felt a shiver down my back.

Shit. The little lamb who I had pounced on last night like a ravenous tiger was Ke Luo after all. I buried my face into my pillow, acting dead asleep and wishing there was a hole in the bed for me to burrow myself into.

Although my memory of last night was hazy, I could vaguely recall the embarrassing scene. Like tigers and wolves, I had been so crazy in heat towards Ke Luo that even Lin Jing had enjoyed the entire show. *How can I show my face around here?*

Alcohol and sex, alcohol and sex—I really couldn’t tell apart the alcohol from the sex. Let alone, I had taken drugs too.

Ke Luo had bumped into me himself. It wasn’t my fault.

“Are you awake?”

It was hard for me to continue pretending, so I had no choice but to open my eyes and give a yawn.

Ke Luo sighed in relief. “Good, you’re alright.”

I forced myself to remain calm. “What’s the matter?”

“Last night, I...er...” He blushed all at once. “I made you pass out.”

Seeing him so shy made my face flush and my heart skip a beat all of a sudden. I recalled last night's wild, crazy sex and my heart tingled. I actually got turned on again.

Damn it. My whole mentality was just like that of a middle-aged pedophile who had ravaged a young, beautiful man.

“Lee...how are you feeling?”

I continued to bury my face into the pillow. Of course I wouldn't give him a thumbs up and praise his unrivaled vigor or his outstanding, self-taught skills.

Our compatibility in bed wasn't anything surprising, even so much that I couldn't feel any gratification from it.

It's no use just having the perfect sex.

After having passionate, physical pleasure and knowing this person wasn't mine in the end would only deepen the pain.

Damn it. I didn't think there'd be a time when I'd be overly sensitive like this. Playing the love game for all these years, I'd constantly taught others to separate sex and love—to not confuse the feelings with the body. Life is short, so enjoy it to the fullest. Having sex without love is enough.

But I couldn't do it now with him.

“Lee?” He nudged my shoulder cautiously. “Are you alright? Last night was I too...”

“I’m fine. I’m just sleepy.” Struggling to sit up, I leaned against the headboard, and as soon as my fingers pressed together, I recalled that I didn’t have any cigarettes to smoke. My imposing manner was slightly lacking. Yet this didn’t hinder me from acting as an evil tyrant who had ravaged an innocent girl as I said, “Dammit, I was clearly in a bar sex orgy. Why did it end up being you? I don’t intend to do it with you again.” After speaking, I looked at him and firmly said, “Boring.”

Ke Luo stared at me in shock.

This was perhaps the greatest insult for a man, yet he didn’t fly into rage out of humiliation. He just widened his eyes, like a child who took it upon himself to diligently do some housework but was scolded by his parents.

My heart wrenched. I really wanted to take him into my arms and flop down. I gave a cough and couldn’t help but sigh and say, “Sorry, Ke Luo, I shouldn’t have said that.”

Ke Luo looked at me and gave out a “Mm-hm.”

“But I really don’t want to have a physical relationship with you again. From now on, we should conduct ourselves with dignity. Even if I’m burning with desire, ignore me and let someone else resolve it. Got it?”

Ke Luo sat under the bed sheets with marks of last night’s passion from his chest downward as he looked at me in silence.

I patted his shoulder, “Thank you for your hard work last night. Let’s go. I’ll treat you to a meal.”

I had been hurt by him. This time I returned the favor, wiping the slate clean.

Ke Luo really went with me obediently to eat.

I realized that once he sheds his bright and sunny disposition from his face, he slightly resembles Zhuo Wen Yang. Even though one was warm and the other cold was cold, they were very similar inside. Both were types of people who could endure a lot.

We didn’t talk much during our meal. Ke Luo kept his head lowered as he ate, only taking the food in front of him, like a little lamb who had been ravaged by a big bad wolf.

I could sense his grievance and ate with tightness in my chest. Why wouldn’t I be affectionate? It would have been good to stay in bed all day long. I was so discontented. I wished I could tear him apart and swallow him up, leaving not a scrap for others.

I knew he treated me different from others. He treated me well, sincerely, and purely and clearly. Apart from Shu Nian, I was perhaps the only other person who he cared for the most.

But Shu Nian was the number one person he adored. I couldn’t surpass him even by going all out with my pride ripped off. If it was someone else, I would probably use other means. But I hadn’t reached to that kind of ruthlessness

towards my own brother.

And I couldn't be happy with second place either.

People who have fallen to this point can't stop being greedy. Only if he was, from head to toe, from inside to outside, from his being to his heart, mine alone, would I have peace of mind and never again would I have the craving of not having enough, of not being full.

But I had let myself down, and in the end I didn't have the capability to take him and swallow him whole. The furthest I could go would only be to second place.

In that case, the furthest we could go would only be to here.

It's pretty good to end it with last night's perfect sex. *Damn it, could I ever have in my life a better ending than that?*

After eating, I lit the cigarette I had bought on the road a moment ago. I had wanted to smoke for quite a while today.

Ke Luo looked at me. "Smoking is bad for the health."

"I don't smoke much." I immediately put out the cigarette and chuckled. "I'm not addicted to it at all."

"Well, don't damage your lungs." He thought for a moment and said, "You took drugs last night, right?"

I smiled. When I was young in LA, with that crowd of ours, you haven't lived your youth until you've touched stuff like marijuana. But because I'd tried it, I knew how painful it was for those who got sucked into it, and so my blind curiosity for it disappeared. Because of my knowledge of it, I knew just how far to go.

I was extremely careful. I boldly looked for pleasure, but wouldn't really ruin myself.

The only thing in my life I would never stop being addicted to is him.

“It wasn’t E.”

“Okay, that’s good.”

Sometimes I really liked how he trusted whatever that was said.

“Lee, you need to take good care of your health.” He thought a little bit.
“You’ve always been a great guy. Don’t treat yourself poorly.”

To be told something like that by someone who was young enough to be my own son, I couldn’t describe what I was feeling inside me for a moment and could only smile.

He had wounded my heart, but he was, by no means, a bad guy.

His childishness of only going in a straight line when it comes to feelings made me suffer so much, but I liked that naïve innocence of his.

It's only right that he'd offer everything to the one he loves, and it's only right that he'd give me a limited amount of tenderness and care.

It was even more so that he'd unwaveringly chosen to stab me when it came between Shu Nian and me.

It's impossible to attend to both. Your love for one person is bound to hurt those you don't.

To pay attention to all. To be all things to all men. Not rejecting anyone, not wounding any hearts. That's a hypocrite who compares himself to a Don Juan.

I had been rejected. But in fact, when I think about it, I was glad for it because Ke Luo luckily wasn't that kind of man.

He was after all worth it for me to mindlessly fall for.

Apart from not being mine, everything was good.

“Don’t worry. I love myself the most.” Just as how I treated Lin Jing, I smiled and pinched his cheeks.

The beautiful young male trio finished their work and returned to T city. I continued to hang out with my buddies, killing time. I didn't really intend to stay long in S city. I was simply resting at the moment. Sooner or later I'd have to hop to another place and set out to make a comeback even though Shu Nian would be heartbroken.

Tonight, Lu Yu and I drank together at a bar. He had been depressed for a period of time, yet gradually got over it. We wouldn't get along at all as lovers, but we could get by just as friends. Moreover, with our "professions," there's a possibility we could become partners someday.

A man like him who is direct and thick-headed was precisely good. From the beginning to end, he had walked a straight line, directly to the end and quickly breaking it off. We on the other hand swerved around too much. No wonder we would always be in a tangle.

It wasn't until after we were well-acquainted that I found Lu Yu to be an out-and-out man involved with the underworld and the boss of this district at that. He seemed crude and straightforward, but he wasn't an idiot either. Seeing the way he handled matters, when he needed to be ruthless, he wouldn't hesitate one bit.

But I felt that he was able to sit in the boss' place basically because his father had been the boss. He still lacked a bit of deviousness to be able to stand firm in a gang war.

We were drinking heartily when suddenly someone came over and said, "Boss, Brother Ling is here."

Lu Yu jumped as if he was suddenly caught by a fishhook. "EH? Why would he come to a place like this?!"

I asked, "Who?"

Lu Yu said, “Oh, someone from my group.” Then he stood up and hid several of the bottles that were on the table.

I saw that Lu Yu was actually vigilant. I had no idea what kind of person this visitor was. I imagined a man whose muscles were on equal terms with his and whose face could be compared to [Zhang Fei or Li Kui](#).

When that man called Brother Ling came over, my mouth immediately dropped. I just about drooled.

He had a Chinese style: fairly long hair with lacquer-like color and luster like that of jade. When a man’s hair grows long, he could easily look effeminate or filthy or even artificial. But this man was tall and handsome, bearing a composed expression.

Seeing an outsider present by the table, the man furrowed his eyebrows. “Lu Yu, was it you who gave the order to stop investigating the Ding affairs?”

“Yeah...”

“What do you intend to do?”

“Forgive and forget. It’s no big deal as long as they’ve learned their lesson.”

“I didn’t teach you the word, ‘forgive’.” His tone was actually severe.

“But...” In a moment Lu Yu couldn’t retort and had to scratch his head. “A promise can’t be taken back once it’s made. I can’t go back on my word.”

The man fell silent for a moment and said, “This time I’ll let it pass. Be less soft-hearted from now on. Come with me.”

“Eh?” Lu Yu looked at me. “I’m still drinking with my friend.”

“You can’t neglect proper business for drinking. Be more mature.” The man furrowed his brows and looked at me. “You can drink for another half hour.”

Once the man left, I quickly asked, “What’s his name?”

“Oh him, he’s actually the second in charge of our group. His name is Ling Xia.”

“Are you *blind*? You look for me even when you have this beauty? Don’t you know the saying ‘first come, first served’?”

Lu Yu choked on his drink and quickly covered my mouth. “Don’t talk nonsense!”

“Hah?”

“He’s not that sort of man. The H River is almost filled with the corpses of those who’ve had the nerve to have that kind of intention. Even if you’re just blowing hot air, if he hears that, he’ll cut out your tongue.”

I quickly shut my mouth to protect my precious tongue and took a sip of my drink. “Is he really?”

“Uh-huh. When I was eight, he was already working for the group. He’s only six years older than me but his experience is far greater than mine. He’s my teacher to a degree. He’s taught me a lot of things throughout the years, including martial arts.”

But even if he’s a senior, to treat Lu Yu like this, it was completely the tone of a superior speaking to a subordinate, also known as arrogance. Lu Yu was no match for him in mind or approach. It’s clear that the people working for him would listen to Ling Xia more. You couldn’t tell who the boss was. This was a sign of danger.

“Lu Yu, I think you should be more careful.”

Lu Yu wasn’t foolish and he immediately replied, “You mean Ling Xia? He wouldn’t.”

“I’m not instigating you to do something. Just be on your guard.”

Ling Xia’s domineering attitude was so obvious, yet there wasn’t even a hint of wariness towards it. How could he have qualifications to live a life of danger?

Lu Yu slowly drew back his smile. “Actually it’s also crossed my mind, but if you use a man, don’t suspect him and if you suspect a man, don’t use him. He hasn’t done anything to me. I can’t be so petty. If he truly wants this position, he only needs to say so. It’s not as if I won’t give it to him. He’s been by my side like a real brother for so many years.”

I patted his shoulder. This guy was too big-hearted. He wasn’t fit to be

involved with the underworld.

Lu Yu looked at his watch. “Ah, it’s more than half an hour! Ling Xia will scold me!” He then rushed to pay the bill.

“No need to be so punctual!”

He coughed. “You don’t know his temper. I’m doomed even if I’m late by just a minute.”

He really seemed to revere Ling Xia. Seeing the figure in the far distance waiting, his ears drooped down, and with his tail between his legs, he scurried on over there.

I was left alone, continuing to finish my drink. I had planned to come see a beauty appear and thought luck would come into my life again. Who knew I couldn’t even strike one around me.

As I drank, my eyes swept my surroundings. Looking around, my eyes suddenly lit up.

That man reclining on the bar counter, he was not only tall, he was really hot; not only was he really hot, he had excellent taste; not only did he have excellent taste, he was single; and not only was he single, I knew him too.

We had met at my previous job. He was a young banker from a rich family. He was tall and handsome with a lingering charm in his smiles.

At that time, I had only looked his way a few times. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had good looks. He would always make common people easily think that God is biased. It's hard to imagine him as a fellow gay man.

I walked on over with a glass. Smiling, I called, "Shao Yan."

He was a bit surprised as soon as he looked up, and then gave a smile. "Hi, I never thought I'd run across you here."

I typically act as a gentleman all too well. "I'm sorry to have surprised you."

Smilingly, he said, "This is probably the best surprise I've come across so far."

I laughed and sat down beside him.

In the past, it had only been strictly business between us. We hadn't even had a conversation before. Because of the sex scandals of his that I'd heard so much of, his young age, and the actresses and top models that one after another had been in his grasp, no matter how you looked at it, he was a playboy who couldn't live without women. And I had no interest in a straight man who suffered cravings for the opposite sex.

And so seeing Master Shao at a gay bar indicated that his stance was different now. I just didn't know which he was more attracted to: men or women.

Watching him sitting there, his playboy front was a little bit out of practice. It didn't match up with his effortless skills from his former roving days. I asked, "Is this your first time here?"

“Yeah.” He shrugged. “It takes guts, right?”

“Exploring some more while you’re still young isn’t bad at all. The feelings between men aren’t all that different from those between men and women. Just take it easy. Master Shao’s charm has always been enough.”

He laughed. “That goes for men too?”

I ordered a drink for him. “Through my male perspective, it is.”

We both chatted for a while and unexpectedly hit it off. It’s not easy to meet someone one could get along so well with. What’s more, he was also handsome. I’d be struck by lightning if I didn’t make a move on such a good opportunity.

Our conversation had a sense of propriety and the teasing was the probing sort, only gradually getting closer—fingers and arms constantly touching. The feel of limbs vaguely touching wasn’t bad.

When we were about to split up in the end, before I could open my mouth, he said, “Lee, pardon my asking.”

I smilingly asked, “Are you asking for my number?”

“No.” He smiled too.

“Oh? It’s a shame ‘cause I very much would like to have your number.” My opponent retreated and I advanced.

“Actually, I have your number already,” he smilingly said, “I was asking if I could call you.”

I immediately burst with joy inside. I laughed out loud and said, “You’re too polite.”

“I’d definitely call too often and I don’t know if there’s someone who will be jealous of it.” He charmingly raised his eyebrow. “Do you have that jealous someone?”

I chuckled. “Oh, don’t joke with this old uncle. I’m probably in the same generation as your father.”

He raised his eyebrow higher. “Then, Uncle Lee, are you reluctant to teach me?”

An electric current immediately sparked. This truly was the light at the end of the tunnel. My luck might just be turning.

The next day, we met up again, otherwise known as dating. Both of us, who regarded sex as food, were unprecedently reserved, only holding hands. It was so pure and innocent that it sent chills up my spine.

After dating a number of times, we finally kissed. We kissed for several minutes. His tongue skills were pretty good. He was the kind of person who strongly emits hormones. If needed, his body could emanate sexiness, and I could too of course.

The reason why we hadn't progressed to the lower half of our bodies yet was because everything was the starter before the great meal. He and I had a mutual understanding of this.

Before the storm, the sky has to accumulate dark clouds. The longer it accumulates, the more intense it becomes. It's most arousing before the eruption of the rising wind that heralds the coming storm.

Today ended with a kiss again. We took care not to overdo with any other touching. The two of us yearned for more, kissing to the verge of swallowing the other's tongue. I felt that the built-up heat was good enough. Enduring any more of it probably wouldn't be good for the health.

Sure enough, as soon as I got home, he called.

“What's up?”

“Nothing, I just feel that it's not enough. I want to drink with you again.” The voice on the other side huskily chuckled. “I really regret not inviting you over. If I had, we'd be having the best night ever.”

I felt like my line was stolen.

If I wasn't living where promiscuity was prohibited, I would be the one to take him home, and then, revitalized, I could do it from the front door to the balcony.

Afterwards we dated once more. The place was straight at his house. I was prepared for the good rain to come down. We quickly headed from a connection

at a spiritual level to the bed, and intimate caressing was something that would fall into place. This was a heavenly thunder causing earthly flames. Except for the real penetration, every other move was made.

Our moods were high and we couldn't suppress it any longer. Sparks flew all over as we fervently kissed, but we were stuck at the end.

"I'm only a top," I said.

He slightly furrowed his brows. "What a pity. I've always been one too."

You're fucking one, my ass. Can you be the one who's topped when you do it with girls?

We both confronted each other, neither giving way—seeing who could endure it the longest.

Even though the mood was broken, I still held my poise and was in no rush. What I had was patience. I wasn't worried that I wouldn't be able to eat.

At last, it was Shao Yan who let out a sigh. He opened his arms toward me and a bit helplessly and enticingly chuckled as he said, "Come on then."

Smiling, I embraced and kissed him.

In fact, my reluctance to be the one on the bottom wasn't because of my silly pride, but because I was extremely confident in my own skills. I had no idea about what or how other people's skills are when it comes to this.

Rather than taking the risk of not meeting the expectation in sex. I might as well be the one to lead. I had the ability to be strong and could ensure that both sides would have a good time. Only with Ke Luo would I take the risk.

I suddenly realized that I didn't yield to Ke Luo because I'd been topped by him.

It was because I had yielded to him at first sight that I was willing to let him top.

Even I myself hadn't known that I had loved him that much. Of course, now he could disappear from my heart. I thought I could tell him goodbye. It's not like I couldn't find someone better than him.

I treated the man beneath me with single-hearted devotion. Giving pleasure much more than taking. Usually the feeling of being topped for the first time is hard to take in. The uncommonly gifted me had never encountered it. The first experience shouldn't be bad of course if you want the other person to keep thinking about it after trying it.

Even though strength-wise, I couldn't be on par with a certain wolf that could do it seven times a night, but when it comes to technique, I have a considerable amount of confidence.

The entire night I did my best to tease him with my touches. From the start I caressed and kissed him with absolute patience and gradually made it earth-shaking. Even Shao Yan, the playboy who had a wide array of experiences, was gasping in surprise.

We did it twice in a row. Overall it was pretty good. After it was over, we parted, the each of us lying down covered with sweat while adjusting our breaths.

Shao Yan panted for a moment and said in a low voice, “Only after I’ve come across you did I realize that all those girls in the past were a waste of time. It turned out that you were the one I’ve been waiting for.”

I felt good. I felt extraordinarily good. These were the kind of words that I wanted to hear; kissing my ass right in the bull’s eye.

Ke Luo, the obstinate type who was dead set on his former lover, praising him with all his heart and soul, had tormented me badly. And so Shao Yan was practically a revised version of Ke Luo sent from heaven.

Little sheep Ke Luo, I really don’t think I need you anymore.

Shao Yan and I clicked together. He really liked me and I was all the more very pleased with him. He was the young, pretty type. His butt had a nice shape to it. And he was as passionate as fire with a sweet-talking, smooth tongue. He was better than Ke Luo, that pure college type who blushes at the drop of a hat, by who knows how much.

It’s rare to run across something like this. Naturally, I was very pleased with myself. I had already found the opportunity to have him eat out with the Xie Yan couple. During the meal, I showed off my shiny, new boyfriend from every angle. And Shao Yan was very gracious, speaking and smiling with ease.

“It’s hard to imagine that Master Shao walked the same path as everyone else as well. Weren’t you still going out with that top model a week ago? I hear that she’s pregnant too?”

Shao Yan chuckled and said, “After encountering Lee, the others are just like the wind to me.”

I was immediately perfectly contented, yet Xie Yan coughed and cleared his throat with a face like he was choked by a grain of rice.

Shu Nian however had not said much the entire meal. He was always a man of few words. Besides, so long as I liked the person, he would be happy for me, not like Xie Yan who had a big mouth and a love for taunting people.

Given that he had met my family, that was equivalent to receiving a pass to “have him stay over,” thus I began to bring Shao Yan over.

Of course, the intimacy was limited only to the bedroom. Having restricted space really was distressing—to be in the midst of passion while worrying that the naïve Xiao Jia or Shu Nian would suddenly come knocking on the door.

The next day, after casually eating breakfast, Shao Yan left cheerfully. I saw him to the door and inevitably gave him an affectionate kiss goodbye.

Shu Nian watched with his mouth wide open and his face flushed. He waited until Shao Yan left. He carefully sat beside me and watched the morning news for quite some time before he said, “Brother, do you really like him?”

“Of course, why do you ask?”

“I thought...” He mulled it over, “that you’re rather fond of Ke Luo.”

I chuckled and said, “Huh? Hey, you’re not thinking of making me pick up something you don’t want, right?”

Shu Nian flailed in panic. “Ah, that’s not what I meant! Ke Luo isn’t something I don’t want. He’s a good kid, better than Xie Yan...”

Xie Yan, who was reading the papers on the side, instantly looked as if he was struck by lightning.

“Brother, I think you just need someone who is emotionally compatible with you. In fact, I feel that you and Ke Luo are the most compatible... Ke Luo cares about you very much and he suits you more than Shao Yan...”

I pinched his nose red. “Idiot, Ke Luo doesn’t suit you and he doesn’t suit me all the more. To me, Shao Yan is much better than him. He’s basically not a potential candidate, got it?”

Soon after, Ke Luo came to S City again. Lu Feng seemed to have let him be in charge of the business in S City. He was raised in S City. The Ke family was here. What’s more, Shu Nian was also here.

In the past, as soon as he came, there would be unavoidable headaches and migraines, but things weren’t the same as what they used to be. Within a few days, I had a complete change of luck and I didn’t feel the urge to run away at the sight of him either. Now that I’d found a new lover, right when spring filled the air, I was happy more than anything. What was there to hide from?

Different than the awkwardness from our former days when we saw each other, this time I was very open and in high spirits, laughing and joking. I practically seemed like I could take off into the air.

Xie Yan with the cool eye of a bystander sneered, “Buddy, did you have a dose of stimulant today?”

I rolled my eyes at him and then invited Ke Luo out, “Are you free tonight? I’ll treat you to dinner.”

Ke Luo was taken aback for a moment and smilingly said, “Okay.”

He seemed happy. I usually go weak at the knees—an out-of-body experience—at the sight of his radiant smile, but now it’s different. I already had another someone occupying my heart. Shao Yan was my all-around upgraded defense system. I would never crash—a system down—by a small Ke smile virus again.

When I took Ke Luo to the restaurant room, Shao Yan was already waiting, relaxed and effortlessly fashionable. As always, he was handsome, bright, and confident with ease, thriving with youth and invincible from the tip of his hair to his fingernail.

I led Ke Luo inside and Shao Yan stood up and smiled in acknowledgement. His tall stature was plainly visible and his face displayed his store-display killer smile. He suavely pulled out a chair.

Ke Luo hesitated a little and slowed down his movement. He turned to look at me. “This man is...”

I lively said, “Let me introduce him to you. This is my boyfriend, Shao Yan.”

Ke Luo’s eyes widened.

Shao Yan was extremely cordial when he saw him and immediately extended his hand. “Hello.”

Mm-hm. There's that demeanor.

Yet Ke Luo looked at me in a daze, then looked at Shao Yan. He fell silent for a long time and seemed to be very shocked. Evidently he actually had no idea of this.

I was a little surprised too. I had thought that Shu Nian had already told him. Their chitchats covered every little matter. Even trivial things like how I’d gotten sick from just bad food were mentioned. How would I have known that a big thing like this wasn’t said?

That made the meal unavoidably awkward. It made it seemed like I had deliberately used this to show off after a long time of resentment because I had failed to receive love from him; as if I was attempting to take revenge on him by provoking him—a very low-level move.

In fact, what possibility would I have to provoke him? It wasn’t as if he had never seen my frivolous habits. I just thought that letting him know I was getting by well would be a good thing for us.

At the table, Shao Yan was very friendly with Ke Luo, a little too friendly. Whether it was ordering dishes or selecting wine, he would give his opinion on each and every thing, constantly smiling at Ke Luo and going by his opinions. Now and then, he would pour wine for him and place food on his plate. He doubled his humor and wit and was considerably hospitable.

I was gradually becoming more aggravated. When Ke Luo went to the restroom, I used the opportunity to ask Shao Yan in a low voice, “What’s up with you? Are you interested in him?”

Shao Yan gave a look of innocence. “It was you who said I should be *nice* to your friend.” Then he gave a charming smile and held my hand under the table. “Of course it’s because of you that I’d treat your friend well and you’re even jealous of it.”

When Ke Luo came back, we were in the middle of kissing. We hastily parted and continued to eat and drink and laugh and talk as if nothing had happened.

After eating, we looked for another place to have a round of drinks. It was getting late, and the night life of S City was just about to open its heavy curtains.

Shao Yan generously invited us to go to a club he recommended to participate in a late night showing of a certain “game” to have a real taste of carnal pleasure.

Ke Luo just shook his head and said with a chuckle, “Thank you, but I should go back and rest. I have work tomorrow.”

This guy was practically a good boy who has milk before going to bed.

Shao Yan and I looked at each other, and then I shrugged my shoulders, smiling. I was also baffled as to why I had been so captivated by such a dull man.

Even though I felt impatient, I had the obligation to take Ke Luo back to the hotel. There was also the big bouquet of roses Shao Yan had just given me in the back seat of the car. The delicate fragrance spread through the car. It was corny and tacky, but between lovers the more of this kind of mushiness, the better. Didn't I kiss him goodbye a great number of times?

Just as I started the engine, I heard Ke Luo sneezed and sniffled. I looked at Ke Luo. "What's wrong?"

He coughed and said with a reddened nose, "Um, I'm a bit allergic to pollen."

"What do you think of Shao Yan?"

Ke Luo said, "Uh...his qualities are quite good."

From that tone of voice, it sounded like there was a second part to what he was saying.

Sure enough, he said with hesitations, "but I don't think he's the type that would be faithful in love. You should be more careful."

My anger flared, but it wasn't good to have it explode, so I could only laugh. "I'm pretty sure you're the one I know who is most faithful. Even then, I've had my fair share of suffering."

Ke Luo became embarrassed and slightly tilted his head to look out the window. His cheeks flushed a little. I saw him pressed his lips together and knew he wouldn't speak out of turn again.

What a mood spoiler.

I'd already become someone who couldn't tolerate the bitter truth. Maybe because I was in too much of a rush to obtain perfect happiness and show it to others; every slander and hindrance, I would fiercely eradicate it all.

Dairytea: Aha! so it *was* Ke Luo after all!!!! No one else can be a top for Lee~<3 Someone also noted that Ke Luo addressed Lee as just "Lee," and not "Uncle Lee," during ch16's xxx scene. How he addresses Lee is an indication of his feelings for him. >/u//< Looking back to the earlier chapters, it's interesting seeing where Ke Luo changes the way he addresses Lee. *u* And what do you guys think of this new guy, Shao Yan???

[Chapter 16b](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

18...

Love Late vol. 2 - ch18

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[Love Late](#) Vol. 2

2nd release of the day! Sorry for the long wait. >__<

Chapter Eighteen

For the next few days, Shao Yan traveled abroad on business. Even though he called me daily, I still felt empty.

One day when I had finished my work and was idly flipping through data at the office, I saw Ke Luo come in. I waved at him. “Come on in. If you have time to kill, play a game with your uncle.”

I felt proud of myself as soon as I made the remark. With this elder’s speech and manner of mine, I seemed far from the wounded person who’d been rejected by him. I’d appeared to have turned over a new leaf and gained a new

life.

Ke Luo looked at me. “Shao Yan called me last night.”

I laughed. “Well, he’s a *business* man. He has to expand his network. Making more contacts is a must.”

“He invited me out for a drink.”

“That’s normal. When you have the time, you should also socialize a bit.”

“Lee, I don’t think he was inviting me out late at night for business socializing.”

I stood up at once and blew a fuse. “What the hell are you saying!”

My reaction was so intense that even he was startled.

“Shao Yan isn’t even in the country. How could he have invited you out for a drink in the middle of the night?”

Ke Luo was very shocked. “He’s not in the country?”

I smiled. “That’s right. It’s a shame you didn’t find out clearly, or else you wouldn’t have made up a lie like that.”

Ke Luo blushed a little and furrowed his brows. “But I didn’t.”

“All right. At any rate, between the two of you, one has to be telling a lie.” I looked at him and scoffed, “So why would I believe you and not him?”

Ke Luo firmly said, “He’s lying to you.”

I couldn’t tolerate it anymore and furiously shouted, “What would you gain from ruining my life? Even if I break up with Shao Yan, what would you get out of it?”

Ke Luo’s face turned entirely red. His eyes widened, yet he didn’t say a word.

“You just want to feel loved, that’s all. You want someone to pamper you, to dote on you. Go home to Uncle Lu. Don’t come to me. It’s your business if you want to spend the rest of your life waiting for Shu Nian. I certainly wouldn’t want to waste my time in vain for you.”

During the silence that followed, my cell phone rang. I glanced at the screen

and smiled as I picked up the call. “Shao Yan?”

The man on the other end was sweet and gentle. “Darling, I’m at the airport. I’m back early...”

By the time I had finished the long phone call and turned around, Ke Luo had already left. I probably hurt his feelings.

Of course I didn’t believe he’d tell a lie. If I had to choose between trusting Shao Yan or him, I’d in fact choose him.

It’s just that sometimes acting naïve and obstinate is necessary.

I couldn’t admit I had lost. What’s more, I couldn’t admit *to him* that I had lost.

That evening, I met up with Shao Yan. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and we were all over each other as a result.

After we made love, I leaned against the headboard of the bed, smoking. “How was the weather in Tokyo?”

He languorously said, “It was okay. I was going to get you a gift, but because I was in such a hurry to finish things up, I didn’t have time to go pick one.”

With a smile, I said, “You were away in Tokyo, yet someone said that you had asked him out for a drink yesterday in the middle of the night?”

Shao Yan immediately sat up, surprised and aggrieved. “What do you mean? How could I have done something like that?! How can you think so lowly of me?”

I quickly wrapped my arms around him, consoling him, “Look at you, so tense. It’s because I don’t believe it that I brought it up as a joke.”

Shao Yan was still mad. “Who’s the bastard that’s starting rumors behind my back?”

I smiled and said, “Just gossip from a nobody. No need to bother with it. You have nothing to fear as long as you have nothing to hide.”

Seeing as he was still upset, I had no choice but to use the most primitive

method to settle the problem. Lifting his spirits as well as points farther south, I embraced him and kissed him.

It was already around ten the next morning when I came back from Shao Yan's place. Although the sun was already high, I didn't actually sleep that many hours. I felt top-heavy as I walked.

As expected, excessive sensual indulgence is bad for the health. I had to have something like some nourishing soup.

I was rummaging for pills in my room when I suddenly heard Shu Nian knock on my door and cheerfully call out, "Brother, are you all set? The cake is done. Come out and eat."

I made a sound of acknowledgement and opened the door with my facial mask still on—a ghastly green face.

Not only do men have to boost their virility and work out, but they have to maintain their complexion after staying up late. Facial care isn't only meant for women. A rough-skinned man smiling with a face full of wrinkles would spoil one's appetite just the same. Since my hunting targets were pretty boys, don't tell me I should use the creases on my face to crush them to death?

Making your partner happy is also a type of virtue. Considering how long I have lived with them, it wouldn't be a shock to bro and Xie Nan to see me taking care of my youthful appearance.

However, who would have thought that as soon as I took a couple steps out, I would hear Ke Luo's voice?

I stopped at once, frozen on the spot. Neither moving forward nor turning around was a choice.

Fine, it's no big deal. To me, he's now just an old friend. It's not as if he's Shao Yan. No matter how wretched and broken-down I looked, he's seen it all before. There's no need to care about my image and whatnot by now.

After struggling internally for almost a minute, with my entire body still stuck to the wall and borrowing the tall potted green plant as cover, I moved like a

flounder towards the bathroom.

After moving halfway, I heard Xie Yan say, “Hey, Lee, what’re you doing? I can see the top of your head.”

With no way out, I emerged, only to come face-to-face with Ke Luo. Xie Yan gave out a “pfft,” spraying a mouthful of tea. I desperately wanted to wring his neck.

Seeing as Ke Luo was looking at me, my reaction was to roll my two big eyes at him.

It’s because of him that I spent the entire last night working hard to soothe someone. I was burnt out, on the verge of sexually-induced kidney deficiency.

Forcing myself to calm down, I walked off to wash my face, returned to the living room, sat down, and ignored Ke Luo’s presence. With an oblivious expression, I forked up a piece of cake and ate as if nothing had happened.

Yet Xie Yan still wouldn’t let me off the hook. “Why the hell would you put on a facial mask in the middle of the day!”

“Just as you finish indulging in pleasure is when you need to care for your body the most, you know. It’s unrestrained lechers like you who’ll age faster.”

Ke Luo looked slightly embarrassed. Shu Nian, the victim of the unrestrained lecher, was also fidgety and quickly changed the subject. “Uh, um, Xiao Luo, are you almost done with work?”

“Mmhm, I’m going back home tomorrow.”

“You haven’t stayed that long this time.” He sighed and said, “We all think about you often. When will you come again?”

Xie Yan, look after your wife. The two are acting all lovey-dovey like this and you’re still eating. Eat yourself to death. Aren’t you afraid that my brother will run off with him?

“You guys take your time talking. I’m going to bed. I worked too hard last night.”

I stood up. After staggering a couple steps, my cell phone rang. I knew who it was from the ringtone. It couldn’t have come at a better time.

“Hi, darling...” Continuous sweetness, like honey mixed with oil—this was just the atmosphere I wanted to create.

Xie Yan gave a creeped-out face of disgust. I’d already walked away when he hollered from behind me, “I can’t take it anymore. So when are you guys going to break up!”

How dare you curse me? You should be wondering when Shu Nian is going to dump you.

But that ill-omened mouth of Xie Yan was always good at forecasting the bad, never the good.

A few days later, thanks to that rotten mouth of his, I suddenly noticed that my body—my lower half to be exact—felt a bit different. Of course, someone like me who clings to life couldn’t put it off, let alone be embarrassed. I went to the hospital for a check-up immediately.

I was tormented and reminded by the doctor with a deadpan face that “sex life is prohibited until you are better.” Clutching that balled-up test result, I was so angry that my vision blurred and I nearly spurted out blood.

I’d always been careful. Even though I had slept around in the past playing the love game, I had always emerged from it unscathed. Now that I had a long-term partner, I couldn’t have been more reserved and more loyal, yet he actually gave me a disease!

It wasn’t that terrible a disease, and I only needed to follow the doctor’s advice to take the medicine and the shots since it was discovered early on. Still, this was practically my life’s greatest humiliation. Being caught in bed cheating wasn’t as repulsive as this. It was more disgusting than swallowing a swarm of flies.

I couldn’t delude myself anymore, and Shao Yan had no way of denying it this time. If he had kept it strictly between us like I did, how could he have brought back this pollution?

So under my interrogation, he confessed brokenheartedly, “I’m sorry, it’s my fault. Maybe it was when I was overseas, out drinking with a friend, and we just

happened to...”

Enough is enough. Shut your yapping. I don't care who the adulterer is.

“Lee, you should know. It's hard to avoid temptation close at hand for people like us.”

You have temptation, and I don't? I've restrained myself, so why can't you?

“It was just a fling. Don't get so worked up. I *love* you.”

Fling, my ass. I've lived half my life, and I've never been this virtuous before. No one would believe me if I told them that I've been sleeping with only one person for three months.

Rarely would I turn a new leaf and aim to remain faithful to the end, and yet he had to have a mishap. Could it be God's way of telling me to stick to a life of debauchery and continue my profession as a playboy?

“Lee, don't be like this. I thought you were more mature than this.”

That's right, when I started my philandering days, you were still in diapers, so it's better that you stop embarrassing yourself with the high school drama dialogue now.

“Lee, please forgive me. I really, truly love you.”

Fine, given that he keeps saying that he loves me, maybe I can forgive him.

When he's dead, that is.

Although I was dissolute and lecherous, I knew how to write the word, ‘loyal.’ I would never do anything requiring an apology before ending a relationship, or else Lin Jing wouldn't have stayed friends with me for so many years even after we split up.

Abiding by the rules of the game is called amorous. Having an outside affair is called obscene. And still wanting to crawl back after cheating, that's just downright humiliating.

Over the next few days, my voice mail was crammed with Shao Yan's messages to the verge of exploding, droning on and on with the same old stuff.

“Forgive me. I really, truly love you. So what if I did it with someone else? My heart belongs to you. Sex and love are two completely different things.”

Why would I want that pig heart of yours? If I have to separate sex and love, then I'm fine with just sex. You think your heart is so precious?

“Lee, don't be so petty. You have to be tolerant when it comes to feelings. How else can love last for long?”

You've got to be kidding me. You didn't know I was petty until now?

If I could be so generous, I would've long become second place for Ke Luo and lived the good life with a beauty in my arms. Why should I torment myself, and when would a brat like you ever have had a chance?

I stopped paying attention to Shao Yan. When the phone rang, I killed it off at once. Yet he was unrelenting. For a whole day, he called Shu Nian's house nonstop. He continuously sent big bouquets of roses to my workplace and the house.

What for? If flowers could help, every unhappy couple in this world could just open up a flower shop.

He might as well send chrysanthemums. I could place them all on his grave in the future.

I was really furious, to be quite frank. Regardless of how Shao Yan repented and pleaded, or how he condemned, cursed in rage, and even threatened, I'd completely brush it off.

Even Xie Yan gave me the thumbs up. “Kudos! You're ruthless enough. You've got backbone! I admire you. Here, have a drink!”

All he and Shu Nian knew was that I was having a fight with Shao Yan, but they didn't know why we were fighting.

How could someone like me who strives to be strong let others see my scars?

If I didn't put up a ruthless, ‘let him go to hell’ face, it would seem like I was weak, that I had lost and was hurt.

Fine, damn it! How could I not be hurt?

I was being extremely stubborn to pretend that I wasn't suffering.

Every time I wanted to live my life with sincerity, no good came from it. I might as well continue being frivolous until I'm sixty. By the time I've played to the point that my skin is wrinkled, there won't really be anything to agonize about.

For a moment my anger surpassed my heartache at the thought of how Shao Yan appeared madly in love with me on the one hand and continuously cheated with someone else on the other, lying until it became second nature, dissolute to the point of making it a habit. I was unable to stomach this kind of insult.

As the saying goes, 'it never rains but it pours,' so I was also becoming aware that misfortune seemed to be contagious. I had bad luck from LA to T city. After coming to S city, Xie Yan had become unlucky as well.

Events didn't bode well for Xie Yan's recent investment. Investing heavily in the research and development of an electronic product, he had been very confident that it would attract a new flow of consumers. But before officially launching it into the market, another company unexpectedly made the first move to release almost the exact same product at a much lower cost.

Before we could recover from the blow, every subsequent remedial measure was also thwarted, one after the other. Any move we made seemed to have been foreseen by the other party. No matter how innovative the idea was, the other party would be one step ahead, always in front of us, as if a ghost were playing tricks on us. Inevitably, we were worn out after a number of rounds.

What had originally been a plan to generate immense profit was now turned to scrap. If we abandoned it, the financial and labor losses would be huge, but there was no way to recover the funds. I didn't want it to completely die off like this. And having to give it a steady flow of lifeblood, I was afraid that if it went on like this, the harbor freight that the Xie household had just started running smoothly would also be dragged down.

Just investigating and reorganizing the Xie Corporation's entire information

security took great efforts. The more time they took to investigate, the longer the list of suspects grew. For the moment, everyone felt insecure. But even so, confidential company information continued to leak, and the liquidity diminished with each passing day, gradually sinking into an increasingly awkward situation.

Since the loss was unbearable, Xie Yan had no choice but to sacrifice an arm to save the body selling a portion of his equity to fill up the bottomless pit.

I was already down in the dumps, and with this I was swept sixty thousand feet under. My relationship with the Xie Corporation was nothing more than that of strangers coming together by chance. If it encounters danger, I could just brush the dust off my shoulder and leave, but what of that obstinate bro of mine?

And when I was exceedingly busy for the sake of the company, Shao Yan still repeated daily, like a tape recorder, mushy words such as ‘I’ll do anything you want me to do. I’m willing to give everything for your forgiveness,’ making Xie Yan laugh at me.

You’ll do anything? What timing. I’ll give you one chance to be the love master. Let’s see if you qualify.

I finally answered Shao Yan’s call. Of course, it would be untrue to say I didn’t feel any knots in my chest from heartache. But how could I stomach even a delicacy, knowing that it was touched by shit?

“Lee, just think of everything in the past as my fault. Forgive me. Let’s start all over again, okay?”

Sitting across from him, I drank half of my glass of wine and clearly enunciated, “I want you to provide a loan to Xie Yan.”

“What?”

“If you want to sit down and calmly talk with me, the condition is to give a low-interest loan to Xie Yan.

“.....”

“If you sincerely act on it, we’ll start over as strangers. Otherwise, avoid appearing in front of me again. I’ll punch you once for every fucking time I see you.”

A lot of people take “starting over again” as a miracle cure for a broken relationship. *Fuck, who wants to start over with you? If you want to start all over, you have to pay the price. Do you really expect to be able to write everything off at one stroke with just a flip of the switch? We’re not equipped with a reset button.*

I’m not the good-hearted type, and I won’t be taken advantage of. Do you think I will suffer a betrayal, then not bother about it and turn around and leave? Or maybe you want me to simply forgive and become friends afterwards? In your wildest dreams! Being a love master isn’t that easy. If you lack the ability to sort it out, then don’t have an affair.

Shao Yan blanked out, and then said with a smile, “Lee, you really are different than the others. You’ve mesmerized me.”

Mesmerized, my ass. You high?

“Very well.”

I lifted my wine glass, and we clinked our glasses.

Master Xie, I’ve done my very best for you. If you don’t take good care of that foolish bro of mine, I’ll definitely bring you to meet your end.

Shao Yan said again, “I will do that, but I won’t break up with you.”

I smiled.

“Lee, you should know very well that no one will love you and be loved by you like me. It’s so difficult to meet someone who makes you feel loved. I know I made a terrible mistake, but don’t give up on me like this, okay?”

I stopped smiling and drank my drink.

He was without a doubt too narcissistic.

But I’d stumbled along up until now and experienced so much. How many could say they’ve truly been “in love” anyway?

Never knowing where one's next love will be, when he'll appear, or if he'll really appear.

I'd always believed that there must be one person in this world who can make you happy. He has to exist somewhere. One day he'll inevitably cross your path. All those who haven't found him yet shouldn't feel downhearted.

Yet now I'd started to doubt. Could that person be like me, unbearably worn-out during the endless search and, rather than continuing, only wanting to find someplace to stop?

Life is short. You may not be able to really wait for that person. You may already be old before finding him.

For all I know, maybe the outcome of being too persistent is to grow old in solitary.

“Just think it over. Lee, I truly like you a lot.”

I suddenly realized that, sure enough, nothing was that perfect in this world. Only by being in a relationship without any responsibility would you be able to do what you want to your heart's content. For someone who is so carefree that he can recklessly fall in love, it's unlikely that his feelings will last long.

And as for that persistent, stubborn one, I probably can't wait forever for him to turn around and love me.

I drank another glass and smilingly said, “I'll think about it.”

Those past several years, I always thought that so long as I wait a bit more, just a little bit longer, perhaps the next time will be different. Perhaps the person who is truly worth your emotional investment would appear—someone who can make your palms sweat and your heart race, someone to make you feel that life is complete, that just you and he together make the entire world.

But I wasn't young anymore. If I didn't want to spend my last years alone, was my only option to yield and back down? Did I have to pick up something dirty, clean it off, and eat it?

I promised Shao Yan I'd “think about it,” but I couldn't think it through, so I

invited Lu Yu out for a drink. His bold and heedless nature could make me feel better and make my mind more open. Maybe then I could figure it out.

“Hey, Lee, I think I saw you dating that man from the Shao family.”

“Had dated, *had*,” I said listlessly.

“Huh? You guys broke up?” The ill-informed man scratched his head. “You might as well break it off with him. They may appear glamorous, but in fact they’re already just about rotten with only an empty shell left.”

I was shocked. “What do you mean?”

“They’ve had an internal problem for a long time now. It’s probably irreparable. In any case, the debt they owe us has already piled to a large amount. They keep dragging it on without paying back.”

I set my glass down, furrowing my brow as I carefully thought back. Usually when I was with Shao Yan, I thought he was as extravagant as before. There was no sign at all that he had any financial stress.

“Sooner or later we’ll have to force them to cough up the money. It’s better that you’re not involved with him, or else I’m afraid I’d have to have a falling out with you.” Lu Yu took a sip of his drink. “Collecting debt in the criminal underworld isn’t easy. He has someone backing him up at the moment, so I’ll have to plan thoroughly before I make my move.”

“Who’s backing him up?”

“Tong Shan. I’m not sure if you’ve heard of him.”

My blood froze in an instant.

“If you see him by any chance, don’t be deceived by his appearance. Fuck, I’ve fallen into his trap before. He’s sly. Oh, yeah, you’d better be more careful when working for the Xie household. That old Tong Shan’s appetite is huge. He has a great interest in seaports.”

My heart pounded. After a moment of silence, it suddenly became clear.

The portion of the stock Xie Yan sold to raise money for urgent reinforcement was already a risk. Unable to retreat, if another problem arose with the funds, then the seaports might really be taken over by someone else.

I had been bewildered as to how the unknown company that surfaced could have such capability as to confront Xie Yan. Yet I never thought the unexpected player could be the man by the name of Tong.

But even if it were Tong Shan, how did he know the Xie household's inside information in such detail when we were taking strict precautions?

While I almost doubted it, the answer became clear as daylight. I almost blew my top, nearly losing my breath.

It was hopeless even if the Xie Corporation data security was completely watertight. I'd take the company's data home, and Xie Yan would put important items on his computer, backing them up one by one. Even though encryption measures were taken, so long as competitors get their hands on it, they would inevitably have a way to decode it.

While Shao Yan and I had been dating, he was a frequent visitor. In private, he had been my intimate boyfriend. In public, he had never had any conflicts of interest with Xie Yan before. We had let our guard down completely around him.

Son of a bitch! At that moment, I couldn't think of a better word to describe him. Not only was the lower half of the man's body filthy, even his actions were filthy.

There were two things I hated the most: the first was stealing someone's lover, the second was stealing someone's possessions. He actually had it in him to do them both.

Incredible.

I started involving myself with Shao Yan again, purely "starting over." I continued to take him to my house and have him stay for meals.

Xie Yan's luck turned for the better. A basically worthless piece of land with no prospects to speak of was actually bought by someone for a sky-high price. We struck it rich. It just so happened that the earnings could be used to tide us over during our financial difficulty.

It'd probably take more time for Tong Shan to catch on that the perfect secret plan for the Xie family to use the land's various factors to achieve an economic revival was no more than a pile of seemingly beautiful bullshit. Of course, here I had to thank Boss Lu Yu for his expertise in fabricating rumors and for the manpower support.

Soon after, the word that a large quantity of private goods was arriving at S city somehow leaked out, and they were seized by a gang on the waters. It was dog eat dog. It was none of anyone's business.

We received a portion of the profit from Lu Yu in return for help to setting up the trap. Even I was taken aback by the amount. Lu Yu also said he never imagined that the goods would be so valuable and even include military arms. Tong Shan and Shao Yan's loss would without a doubt be more life-threatening than Xie Yan's at that time. And I obviously didn't feel guilty. I was never a righteous man.

Although collaborating with the underworld was somewhat awkward, and the money was dangerous to hold onto, Xie Yan finally recovered. During this time, no one leaked secrets or stirred up any trouble. The company returned to running peacefully once again. It's unlikely that my bro's pension would have any problems, and I didn't feel as guilty as I had been from inviting a wolf into the house.

Shao Yan also suddenly disappeared. My face brightened just from imagining his face. Xie Yan and I even took the threat letters we received as a joke.

In fact we didn't do anything. We typed a bunch of bullshit on a heavily protected computer. Shao Yan had to peek at our private documents, and he just *had* to believe everything after reading it. He believed everything, fine, but he just *had* to tell someone. There was no one else to blame but himself.

If he were a bit more sincere, I wouldn't have treated him like this.

One day, I got off work early. When I went to retrieve my car, the parking lot was unusually quiet. There was only the sound of my footsteps. It sounded rather cold and desolate. I was still a few steps away from the car, but I pressed the key remote for fun.

The alarm didn't immediately chirp, as if it was jammed. Just as I was about to press the remote a second time, my fingers stiffened.

The car didn't seem to be exactly the same as when I had parked it.

As though some kind of sixth sense acted up, my eye suddenly twitched, and I turned around and ran.

I'd only run a few steps when I heard an explosion and felt my back become scorching hot. For a moment, I was not touching the ground. My body was lifted by the blast and thrown forward a great distance.

When I woke from the momentary dizziness caused by the impact, I was still in a bit of a daze. I knew I had escaped death even though my body and face were numb from the fiery pain. I actually had no feeling in my back for a while and wasn't sure if it was burning. I could only turn over with great effort in hope that the fire would be put out if it was.

By the time I saw the situation clearly, the parking lot was already a disaster. The nearby car also suffered from the impact and had disintegrated into a pile of burning scrap metal. The chain of explosions was devastating.

If I had been in the car or a little closer, there might not be even a piece of me left right now.

The commotion was so loud that I could hear voices from the building. Soon, a lot of people would probably come to see what had happened. I was afraid there would be a backup ambush and didn't have the nerve to stay at all. With a gasp of breath, I struggled to get up.

Staggering out of the parking lot, I stretched my hand out to flag down the first car that passed me. The car came to a stop and backed up. The driver was obviously alarmed by my appearance. Without a word, he quickly opened the car door to let me in. But how was I supposed to sit? I could only curl on my side in the back seat with difficulty.

The best luck I had today was running into such a kind driver. With no need for me to tell him, he automatically sped the entire way to the hospital, running countless red lights.

Upon arriving at the hospital, I was almost speechless. The driver was a boy

with a rather small build, but he somehow managed to help me into the hospital. He took care of the paperwork afterwards and even made an anonymous call to the police for me.

Before entering the operating room, I asked him, “Sir, could I trouble you to make...a phone call to...my younger brother for me.”

Once he heard the words, “younger brother,” he brightened up and said with emotion, “You and your brother must be very close.”

Even if you’re not close to your brother, you’d still have to see each other once before you die!

Cell phone use was prohibited in the hospital, so he memorized the number I gave him and dashed off to call Shu Nian. I didn’t have to listen to the conversation to imagine Shu Nian’s reaction.

“Your brother is really worried about you.” When he sprinted back, he appeared moved. He followed me all the way to the entrance of the operating room. “Don’t be afraid. It’ll be alright. My younger brother happens to be a chief physician at this hospital. You can ask for him if you have any complications. Hang in there!”

He didn’t look much older than a high school student, yet his younger brother was a chief physician? My head was spinning again.

However I had to admit, his constant babbling and his odd, otherworldly thinking kept my mind busy, making the pain more bearable.

After the anesthesia from my surgery wore off, what I saw as soon as I opened my eyes was Shu Nian’s face.

“Hi,” I greeted him casually.

I had thought Shu Nian would, after the emotional shock, be in a weak condition and on the verge of collapsing. Who knew he would actually appear with blood-shot eyes as if he were spoiling for a fight.

“Where’s the bastard who did this!?”

To my surprise, the incident incited his masculine spirit. As the elder brother, I was really quite touched by it.

“I-I was almost scared to death.” After the rage passed, his blood-shot eyes turned very red brimming with tears. Sure enough this guy...

“When I arrived I heard you were undergoing surgery. I-I thought you were...”

“No way. They say ‘bad things last longer. I have incredible luck.’”

Consoling him was apparently not working. As he looked at me wrapped up like a mummy, he started sobbing.

I sighed. *This guy still hasn't bettered himself.*

After consoling him for a while, I warned, “Oh yeah, don’t tell Ke Luo.”

I didn’t want Ke Luo to see me as a joke. I had shown off my partner before him, and as it turned out, my partner was not only a scumbag but someone who even would kill without mercy.

This was the same as taking a hit right to my face. At the time, I had even boasted about stuff like being happily in love. *What a laugh.*

I don't think I could stand his pity.

“But if by chance he sees the news broadcast on TV and finds out what happened to you...”

“Then just say I died.”

“D-don’t say such things!”

I quickly started to console the distraught Shu Nian again, unaware that others had entered the room. The driver, who had good-heartedly kept Shu Nian company in watching over me, walked over to greet us enthusiastically.

“Luo Shao Gong, Luo Shao Gong! The brothers inside are so touching.”

My face darkened.

Two young men had entered. The one with a face of an idol, but dressed in a white coat and was pulled over by the driver, must be his younger brother, even though the pair were poles apart. The other one must be the doctor in charge of my case.

As expected, Shu Nian was extremely grateful to the two brothers, shedding

tears of gratitude. The doctor began to tell me of my current condition. It was basically stable. The winter clothes I wore were thick, and the degree of burn on my back wasn't severe. It's just that the damage on my exposed hands and face weren't light.

In fact, I was mentally prepared. I could recall that split second when I felt the ground scrape off a layer of my skin and flesh, damaging it all.

“You might be disfigured.”

Damn it! I could feel the vein on my forehead pop out.

Don't joke with me!

Shu Nian was one step ahead of me, turning deathly pale. “Disfigured?”

“It's only a possibility. We'll perform reconstructive surgery. If you recover well, then there's no problem, but it's best that you be mentally prepared. Furthermore, after the restoration there may be some differences from your original appearance.

For some reason, I actually felt a tinge of joy the moment I heard the word, “differences.”

Just as well. I'll fix the damaged parts. I want a full makeover. Then I won't be a Shu Nian look-alike.

Perhaps I could take advantage of the opportunity and request to look like Brad Pitt or Jude Law.

But this was nothing more than finding the silver lining. I felt bitterness inside.

Shit, what kind of fortune is this?

Maybe my life's greatest curse was for my heart to be stirred. I had wanted to live my life with Lin Jing, and he ran off. I found Ke Luo, who was obstinate, and then the firm was pushed to the brink of bankruptcy. And Shao Yan, fairly speaking, didn't really have any integrity left to speak of, and as a result my looks, which I had taken so much pride in, were ruined.

Son of a bitch!

Dairytea: Whew, three more chapters...and whole bunch of extras to go. Thank

you, my dear editors, for all your hard work & my awesome readers for continuing to follow me on Lee's journey to love and happiness. While you all are waiting for the next chapter, another group is translating Lu Feng and Cheng Yi Chen's story. Check our link page for the link. AND the first movie for Shu Nian and Xie Yan's story is out! You can find it on Youtube. ;)

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